

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



TEN CENTS
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TORONTO, 1940

"A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE PEOPLE BACK HOME" IS THE LABEL BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT ARE PASTING ON THEIR SUCCESSES. HERE THEY GO INTO ACTION.

We are glad to announce the appointment of Mr. Willson Woodside as Foreign Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT. Mr. Woodside, who has been a contributor to our columns for six or seven years, ever since he first became interested in the international scene, has been doing a weekly article for us on some phase of the war news from the first days of the invasion of Poland. To this he will now add other features, including a regular review of current publications in the international sphere, both books and magazine articles, and will participate in the staff work which goes each week into the evolving of The Front Page. He will continue his 8.55 p.m. (E.D.T.) broadcasts for the CBC, but this weekly will have exclusive rights for Canada to the productions of his pen.

A VERY Merry Christmas to all of you, readers and friends of SATURDAY NIGHT. Let us not be told that this is not a time for merriment. So far as the state of the world goes, it seldom is. The merriment of Christmas should not be dependent upon a state of peace or a state of prosperity. It should arise out of a permanent condition in the hearts of those who celebrate the Holy Birthday—a permanent condition of sincere faith that, whatever may be going on in the world, the purposes of God, which His Son came to reveal to men, are being worked out and must prevail. Those who have that faith can reasonably be merry; those who have it not have small ground for merriment whether there be war or peace, depression or prosperity, danger or security, health or pestilence. Faith makes Christmas merry. It is our prayer, good friends and readers, that your faith may be strengthened.

Moreover faith without works is dead. He who has faith that the purposes of God are being worked out is he who is doing all in his power to aid them. On that score Canadians at least, in our opinion, should have a much merrier Christmas this year than last. There has been a great awakening in this beloved land of ours since December 1939, an acceptance of sacrifices both for the war against the pagan powers of Hitlerism and for the war against selfishness and misery in our own land. If you would be really merry, see to it that your faith is made active and strong by means of works. Give not only of your money but of your time and your sympathy to those who are in need. Do not fight your government over every cent that it tries to take from you for the defeating of the enemy; if it doesn't come from you it must come from your

neighbor, and you are just pushing over on to him a responsibility which your government has thought you should carry. Help your government to intensify its efforts for the victory of the British Commonwealth over those who seek its overthrow and would replace it by a tyranny which has already caused more human misery and inculcated more hatred than any governmental system hitherto known on earth. Criticise your government if you will, but only to strengthen its hands against the common foe. Work with your government in all the many tasks for which it needs the aid of the citizens—national thrift, national morale, national discipline. Work with your church, your service club, your neighborhood, your business organization. And may your works strengthen your faith, and your faith give you a Very Merry Christmas.

The Late Lord Lothian

THE death of Lord Lothian deprives many Canadians of one whom they had come to regard as a great and devoted friend, and deprives the Empire of a servant of unexampled earnestness and fidelity. Few will doubt that his earnest devotion to duty was the cause of his death. There are indications that he

felt that he was not succeeding as he longed to do in the task of expediting American aid for the harassed people of Great Britain, whose sufferings he knew at first hand; and in the endeavor to do more than any one man could do towards that end he overtasked his not too solid frame.

It may be doubted whether anybody could have done more than he at Washington, or have done what he did more speedily. But the spectacle of British people being killed and maimed in hundreds, of the fighting efficiency of the British forces being diminished, and of the end of the war being deferred by months or years, simply because the people of the United States were not quite ready psychologically to give the aid which they will ultimately give anyhow, and which given today might paralyze the enemy's two effective arms, those of the air and of the under-water craft—this spectacle was more than his sympathetic and idealistic heart was able to bear.

Canadians who have mourned along with his countless American friends at his untimely passing must have had to remind themselves with sorrow that Canada but little less than the United States has been a cause of heart-break to lovers of Britain and of freedom, by the slowness of her awakening to the peril that menaces the world, and to her own duty

and her own self-interest—in face of it.

The vast importance of the work which Lord Lothian was doing is sharply brought to mind by the names of the three or four men who have been mentioned for his succession. Of these by far the most promising has seemed to us to be our own Lord Beaverbrook—who has probably by now brought the British aircraft industry into a state to carry on without his constant and direct supervision. He would however be extremely difficult to replace in the British Cabinet, where he enjoys an extraordinary amount of gratitude and confidence from the most widely different elements of the community. There are great advantages to be gained by having a Canadian in the British Embassy at Washington.

Mr. Hepburn's Scheme

EVERY indication on the political horizon, and there are plenty, now goes to suggest that the Hepburn Government proposes to go to the country on the issue of opposition to the implementation of the Sirois Report. It will oppose the implementation at the Dominion-provincial Conference next month, not outright, but by making demands for alterations which it knows will not be accepted by any of the other provinces, with the possible exception of British Columbia. Having failed to get these demands acceded to, it will continue its opposition by means of representations at Westminster, which will place the British Parliament in the highly uncomfortable position of having to decide, first whether the representations should be heard at all, and second, if they are heard, what weight should be attached to them. But between the refusal of the Conference to grant its demands and the time for consideration at Westminster, the Ontario Government will call an election in which the Ontario voters will be told that their only hope of saving the province several million dollars a year will be to vote Mr. Hepburn back into office. And we regret to state that in our opinion, on the prospect of saving several million dollars a year at no cost beyond a serious blow to the national unity of Canada, the Ontario voters will probably put Mr. Hepburn back. The idea of making a financial contribution towards the raising of the welfare and cultural standards of other parts of Canada will not appeal to them unless one thing can be made to happen. Unfortunately that one thing is a big and difficult one.

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TURKEY, SITTING ASTRIDE THE DARDANELLES, GRIMLY HOLDS THE KEY TO THE SITUATION IN THE NEAR EAST.

WELL AWARE OF HER POSITION, TURKEY IS UNDER MARTIAL LAW. HERE'S AN INFANTRY PATROL IN ISTANBUL.



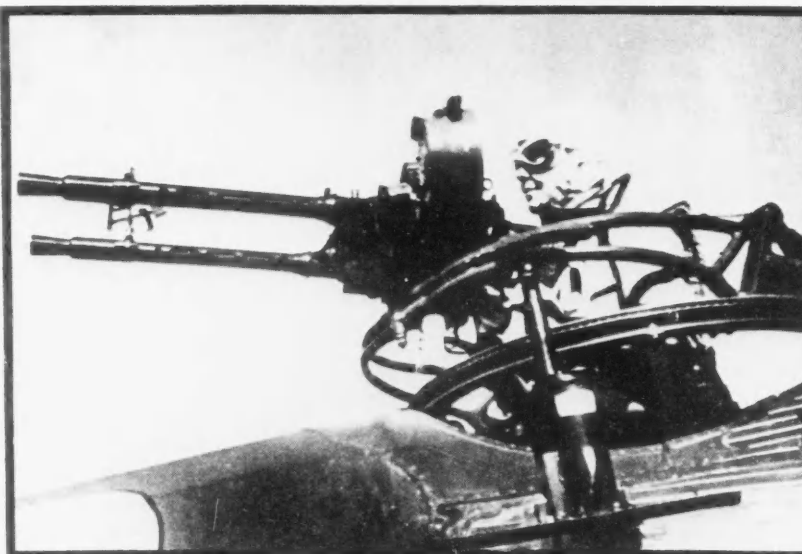
HAD MUSSOLINI'S DRIVE THROUGH GREECE PROVEN SUCCESSFUL, IT IS HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT TURKEY WOULD

BE NEAR WAR TO-DAY. AND BECAUSE HER TERRAIN IS MOUNTAINOUS, CAVALRY WOULD BE EXTREMELY USEFUL.

Turkey's Position

It is more than likely that, had Mussolini's army lived up to advance publicity and poured over the Greeks, Hitler would be starting a push through the Balkans. For Mussolini's bit in a German drive on British, Dutch and French possessions in the East would be to advance from Albania through Greece and Bulgaria toward the Dardanelles. Hitler's route would be through Belgrade and Sofia, down Bulgaria's opulent plains and the Maritsa Valley; thence through Istanbul and Baghdad to the Mosul oil fields.

But mountainous Turkey isn't blitzkrieg country and the Turks are tough. And backing them is Josef Stalin who would like an outlet on the Black Sea. If Germany takes a pass at Turkey, Russia might move. It may well be that two postage stamp countries—Greece and Turkey—will turn the tide of War.



KEMAL ATATURK, "FATHER OF TURKEY", EMANCIPATED TURKEY'S WOMEN, OPENED NEW CAREERS FOR THEM. THIS ONE PILOTS A COMBAT PLANE.



AT THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II, A LARGE PART OF TURKEY'S ARMY WAS USING GERMAN ARMS WHICH MEANT

SHE COULD GET NO SPARE PARTS, NO REPLACEMENTS. TO-DAY SHE'S PREPARED. HERE ARE SOME OF HER PILOTS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

"England" a Very Bugle-Horn

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

DURING recent visits to the United States I have been inspired by the warmly sympathetic attitude of countless Americans toward Great Britain in her gallant struggle against the barbarian hordes which would destroy civilization. In the long poem, "The White Cliffs," Alice Duer Miller proclaims the love of an American-born woman for England as the source from which came the seed of American liberty. She was thrilled by her first glimpse as a young woman of the white cliffs at Dover and today she would not wish to live in a world deprived of the mother country's beneficent influence. Another American writer, Elswyth Thane, was haunted by "a deep-rooted, atavistic, indestructible" love for England before she even set eyes upon that romantic isle.

This passion of "the native born" of a new continent for the glorious mother land, set in the silver sea, was thrillingly expressed many years ago by an erstwhile colleague of mine, Mr. J. E. Middleton, poet, columnist and historian. His poem, "The Canadian" runs:—

I NEVER saw the cliffs of snow,
The Channel billows tipped with cream,
The restless, eddying tides that flow
About the Island of my dream.
I never saw the English downs
Upon an April day,
The quiet, old Cathedral towns,
The hedgerows white with may.

And still the name of England
Which tyrants laugh to scorn
Can thrill my soul. It is to me
A very bugle-horn.

A thousand leagues from Plymouth shore,

In broader lands I saw the light,
I never heard the cannon roar
Or saw a mark of England's might;

Save that my people lived in peace,
Bronzed in the harvest sun,
And thought that tyranny would cease,
That battle-days were done.

And still the flag of England
Streamed on a friendly breeze,
And twice two hundred ships of war
Went surging through the seas.

I heard Polonius declaim
About the new, the golden age,
When Force would be the mark of shame

And men would curb their murderous rage,
'Beat out your swords to pruning hooks,'
He shouted to the folk.

But I—I read my history books
And marvelled as he spoke.

For it was glorious England,
The Mother of the Free,
Who loosed that foolish tongue, but sent
Her Admirals to sea.

And liberty and love were curs,
Home, and a brood of lusty sons,
The long, North sunlight and the flow'rs.

How could we think about the guns,
The searchlights on a wintry cloud,
The seaman, stern and hold,
Since we were hurrying with the crowd

To rake the hills for gold?

But it was glorious England
Who scanned the threatening morn—
To me the very name of her
Is like a bugle-horn.

Toronto,

F. D. L. SMITH.

Sudetens for Industry

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

INDUSTRY with its present labor-shortage problems should take note of the fact that we have in our midst some hundreds of refugee Sudetens—skilled machinists, wood

workers, expert textile workers, and highly adaptable. They are educated and intelligent. When they came to Canada two years ago there was no idea of a labor shortage, and they were compelled to go into agriculture. They found themselves in the hinterland of Canada, in the Peace River country, Loon Lake, St. Walburg, Bright Sand, on farms of sand and stones and stumps, where even a Canadian-born farmer would need to be a genius to make a living. Now that their settlement loan has come to an end some of these people are starving—while on the other side of the picture our war industries are starving for labor and are actually taking men from the military forces.

These are people with ideals and refinement, lovers of liberty and culture. They know what Hitlerism is, and they fled from it, and they would be only too glad to make ships and guns and shells with which to defeat it. Some of them, whom I see every day, have been fortunate enough to leave their farms and get happy employment at their own kind of work, in which they are reputed excellent by those who are able to judge. But what of the others left huddled together in bunches, helpless, hungry, unable to speak our language? Canadian industry should invest a little care in this problem of keeping these people in the way of being good citizens. They will repay Canadian industry many times over.

NAOMI HICKS

Frenchman's Butte, Sask.

Each 'ism Needs the Other

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I CAN'T help writing to say how warmly I commend, and agree with, your article entitled "Names Are Not Important." I am primarily an individualist, with a most friendly feeling towards Socialism. Each 'ism absolutely requires the other to keep it sane and human. To gain "social security" for the people I would go far towards Socialism. But Socialism, I think, to prevent stagnation, would have to concede much to Individualism. The resultant of the two conflicting forces would be the kind of progress I would desire. Eh what?

(Sir) CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Toronto, Ont.

A Plea for Understanding

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

ONE is struck by the sincerity and unselfishness of the article "A Plea for Understanding" in SATURDAY NIGHT of December 7. Not a word

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THE FRONT PAGE

Continued from Page One

Mr. Hepburn will win his election—unless the voters of Ontario can be made to feel, between now and the time when he holds it, that Canada can be a nation, and ought to be a nation, but will never be a nation while there continues to be the present enormous disparity between the standard of welfare and cultural effort of one part of her territory and that of another. The Sirois Report aims at effecting the same distribution of the cost of welfare services, which are constitutionally a provincial matter, as a wise central government would effect if it were the only government—the only taxing and tax-spending power in the country. We have no such single central government in Canada, and for reasons deeply imbedded in history it is impossible that we should have, in spite of the recent demand of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* for the abolition of the provincial legislatures. The result is that there is an extreme disparity between the taxable resources available for welfare revenue in different provinces—a situation which did not trouble the Fathers of Confederation because welfare in their day cost all Canada in taxation only about a million dollars a year, but which is terribly serious now that the welfare burden, even apart from relief payments, is a matter of 150 millions (\$124,323,000 in 1937).

What Ontario Owes

THE economic position of Ontario in relation to Canada is about the same as that of the Home Counties (immediately contiguous to London) in relation to the United Kingdom. For Ontario to insist on the letter of the old Confederation bond, and to refuse to make any contribution towards the welfare of the rest of Canada, is as if the Home Counties should demand that all welfare services in the United Kingdom be financed by counties, and refuse to be taxed at all for the support of such services in the Depressed Areas and the poorest agricultural regions. Climatically, Ontario contains all that there is of Canada south of the 45th parallel, except a small part of Nova Scotia, and by far the

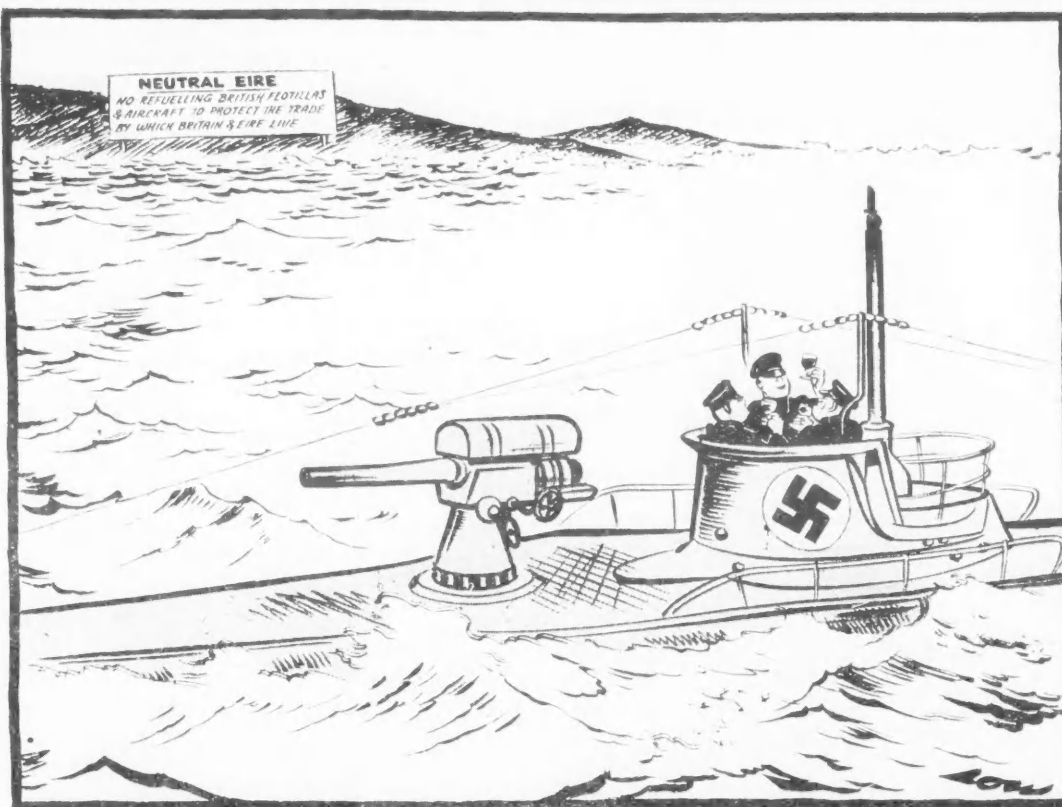
CHRIST OR SANTA CLAUS?

AS FOR a time 'twas right to link in praise Thanksgiving and the Armistice, and when The world again was shaken with fear among men, Divide Remembrance from the feasting-days; So is it now full time to separate Santa and Christ. Though man need make no laws For or against th' exalting of Santa Claus, They must be parted ere it be too late!

UNDA WOOD

greatest part of all that there is south of the 49th. Its most valuable portion is a peninsula, so surrounded by deep waterways that it is difficult for any place in it to be fifty miles from a harbor where ocean vessels could enter if the local commerce justified it; there is no such other area for transportation in the Dominion, and few on the continent. It produces three-fifths of the country's gold, and almost half its other minerals. In recent years it has contained a great deal more than half of the total of incomes subject to income-tax, and a great deal more than two-thirds of the dividends and interest payments subject to the special war tax. And it has just a third of the population.

If Ontario possessed a political leader who enjoyed a sufficient measure of public esteem to enable him to tell the Ontario voters that it is dishonorable and undignified for a province, thus endowed by nature, to block a great scheme of national readjustment and national justice for the sake of a possible few million dollars a year in estimated taxation losses,



there would be some prospect of Mr. Hepburn's ingenious scheme being defeated. It is no discredit to Colonel Drew that he has not yet had time to attain to that position. We do not suppose the election will result in any irretrievable disaster to the nation, beyond that of a few more years of Mr. Hepburn's administration in Ontario, which, apart from what may be termed the external relations of the province, has not been entirely without merit. The British Parliament, we incline to think, will refuse to pay any attention to representations of a single province, even if it be Ontario, running counter to those of the Dominion Parliament based on the proceedings of a Dominion-provincial Conference; and we doubt if the people of Ontario will be very angry with the British Parliament for so refusing, even after they have voted Mr. Hepburn back into power to make the province's representations.

We may as well add also that we do not believe that any saving in taxation that the province might conceivably make if it were able to block the Sirois Report would be a net saving. The prosperity of Ontario is far too closely interwoven with that of the other provinces to be able to maintain itself unimpaired when the other provinces are in difficulties. The industries of Ontario were designed to cater to a population all over Canada living at a North American standard of civilization. If parts of Canada have to fall short of that standard, Ontario will not be entirely unaffected by the results.

Mr. Willkie Should Come

MR. WILLKIE, defeated candidate for the United States presidency, is reported to have told an interviewer that Canadian influence lost him a great many votes, especially in the border states. This is a rather unfortunate idea to get abroad in the United States, whose people are extremely sensitive about any supposed influence of "foreign propaganda" in their midst. We doubt very greatly whether the influence of Canada was anything like as great as Mr. Willkie imagines, and we assure him that if there was such an influence it was due, not to any distrust of his sympathy with democracy, but to a feeling that a change of government at such a critical time might hamper the efficacy of the American effort in support of Great Britain.

However, since Mr. Willkie feels that Canadian opinion is of such importance in an American presidential contest, it would be wise on his part to visit Canada, both to see it for himself and to let it see him; and it would certainly be wise for Canada to extend an invitation to him to do so. We can imagine nothing more useful to the cause of good rela-

tions between the two countries than for Mr. Willkie to be asked to address the great luncheon clubs of three or four of the leading Canadian cities, and to consent to do so. Now that all of Canada knows that he is interested in us—even if that interest is slightly resentful, what could be more logical than to extend such an invitation?

Sea Power is the Bond

MANY observers have remarked that the United States already showed a keener appreciation that Britain's cause was her cause by early this summer than at any time in the last war. Why was this? And what is it that has brought American intervention in favor of Britain in the first year of this war, whereas it did not materialize until the third year of the last one? It is the threat to British sea power. In the last war, news of the sanguinary battles in France and in Eastern Europe monopolized public attention and stamped the contest as mainly one for continental domination. It was not until the Spring of 1917 that British sea power was menaced, by the U-boat campaign to starve out its main base. Then the United States came into the war.

Again, in 1940, it was when the French Fleet fell by the way and the British Isles were threatened with invasion that American concern became acute. It was even more acute than in 1917, because with the continental war suddenly ended Britain's struggle became more obviously one to preserve her sea power, and because this time Britain stood alone, with all the other naval powers in the world against her, whereas last time she had had them with her. Fortunate indeed that at this juncture both Britain and the United States were led by naval men.

Nevertheless the destroyer-bases deal, a bald recognition that British and American interests were intertwined in the Atlantic, was a very bold step for Mr. Roosevelt to take on the eve of an election and in the face of the noisy isolationist group. These men, still thinking in terms of the last war, talked about "another real estate squabble in Europe." That the majority of the American people saw the issue otherwise and backed the President's action is due not least to the strenuous efforts of Lord Lothian. From the beginning of his mission to his dying message he worked to convince them that their security during the past century had been due to British naval power in the Atlantic, and that the best way they could continue to keep the horrors of war away from American shores was to support British sea power in the Atlantic while maintaining their own impregnable in the Pacific. There are abundant indications that he has succeeded in his task well.

"Never in the history of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."—Winston Churchill, of Britain's air defenders.

You too can help by buying War Savings Certificates regularly.

THE PASSING SHOW

THE Italians were doing so nicely as long as they stuck to grand opera.

War profiteers, says Mr. King, belong to the under-world. But also to the upper crust.

BELLIGERENT BALLAD

The Nobel prize should recognize,
Some day, the first detective
Whose wit divine lets him define
A Military Objective.

R. L. E.

A correspondent has a new theory about the Italian troops, and we like it. He says they are rushing home to protect Italy from invasion by the Germans.

IMPERIAL NURSERY RHYME

There was an old woman who lived in a boot,
Who had so many children she taught them to shoot.
When she'd taught them to shoot she taught them to run,
Because you can do it without any gun.

Hitler's gift to the French nation is a dead body—that being the one thing of which he has a plentiful supply.

We hasten to deny the rumor in some of the Toronto papers that Laval University in Quebec is about to change its name to Flandin University.

The Germans say they want to go through France to help Italy because it would hurt the pride of the Italians if they went through Italy. Our guess is that the Italians would rather not be helped than have the Germans in Italy.

At last Il Duce has discovered a use for his chin. He has been rapping the Greeks over the knuckles with it.

Obviously nobody will ever send Hitler's son's body home to rest in the Hitler Mausoleum. But something tells us that there will never be any Hitler Mausoleum—or at least that it won't last long.

SPLEEN

If I were a witch
I'd devote a hex-mass
To cursing those
Who call Christmas, Xmas.

Seasonably enough, German aid to Italy will take the form of a Christmas sneer.

What Mussolini needs now is not so much a Mare Nostrum as a panacea.

Danish workmen have been called in to rebuild Hamburg. Apparently Hitler doesn't want it Jerry-built.

In view of Canada's war orders we may expect a movement to change the name of Ottawa back to Buytown.

The Black Sea
Cannot be crossed by taxi.
So you better stay back, see!
Current Turkish Tradition.

Has the C.I.O. leadership really declined in virility since the departure of John L. Lewis, or is it a false rumor that they are agitating for a closed shoppe?

Marshal Graziani's troops were always known to be very resourceful, and they have certainly shown themselves to be good at ad-libbing.

The Rumanian earthquake has had serious repercussions in Germany. A new wave of anti-semitism, no doubt.

Our Vichy correspondent says he has the exact words used by Marshal Petain to M. Laval concerning the l'Aislon re-interment. They were: "This is none of my funeral."

If you like this column, please buy an extra war savings stamp every week and help to win the war and keep the column going. If we lose the war there won't be any Passing Show.

"Ersatz" Libya Depends on Italy for Supplies

THE appointment of Marshal Graziani as Commander-in-Chief in Libya took him to a land which has changed greatly since he subdued it with a ferocity and refinement of cruelty that shows the Germans have no monopoly in the art of oppressing conquered peoples. Of all the colonies of the Great Powers today, Libya is the strangest, for it gave no promise of being economically self-suffic-

ient, much less profitable. It has been described as an ersatz colony—everything must be imported, every development carried out at enormous expense in the face of tremendous difficulties.

Fascist Italy has poured money into this desert land which is like Egypt without the Nile. The reasons are both sentimental and strategic. Libya forms a base—the only base—for a

BY PAUL NORTON

serious attack on Egypt. And Libya recalls the former glories of Rome for in the first century the whole of the North African coast was part of the Empire. This historical or sentimental aspect appeals very strongly to Mussolini and one wonders whether he has carried his reading of Roman history further.

A "Stale Crumb"

For Libya, then as now, was an ersatz colony, depending on Rome for everything and when Rome disintegrated, Libya also fell, the Vandals and later the Arabs conquering it and stamping out all marks of Roman occupation as effectively as the Huns of today. Although it is so near Europe Libya was the last of Africa to be partitioned and it was not until 1912 that Italy occupied Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. The reason is easy to see: the European powers were not concerned with a barren waste of desert while potentially rich lands were to be had almost for the taking. Libya was the crumb and a rather stale crumb picked up by Italy because none of the Greater Powers cared for it.

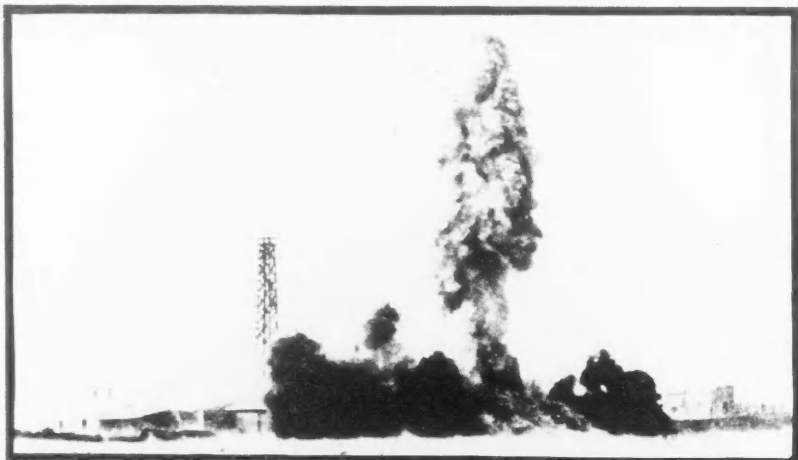
In actual fact effective Italian occupation dates from no later than 1921 for Italy was incapable of holding the colony during the Great War and withdrew all except garrisons at a few coastal towns. The last natives were not pacified if one can use that word for the far from pacific methods used until 1932.

Since then an enormous amount of work has been accomplished at considerable expense. The Italian taxpayer, if he were allowed to think, might wonder what was the attraction of colonies when seventy-five per cent of all expenditure on them had to be provided by his taxes. Only the most optimistic have ever

Graziani's army has been driven headlong out of Egypt and British troops this week crossed the border of Libya. What kind of country is Libya, this new scene of action for British arms? Is it of economic importance, or only strategic?

Libya has a sentimental value for Italy in that it recalls the glories of Ancient Rome (the Roman Empire, in its palmy days, held all the North African coast), and it also forms a base for attack on Egypt. Otherwise it is worth little.

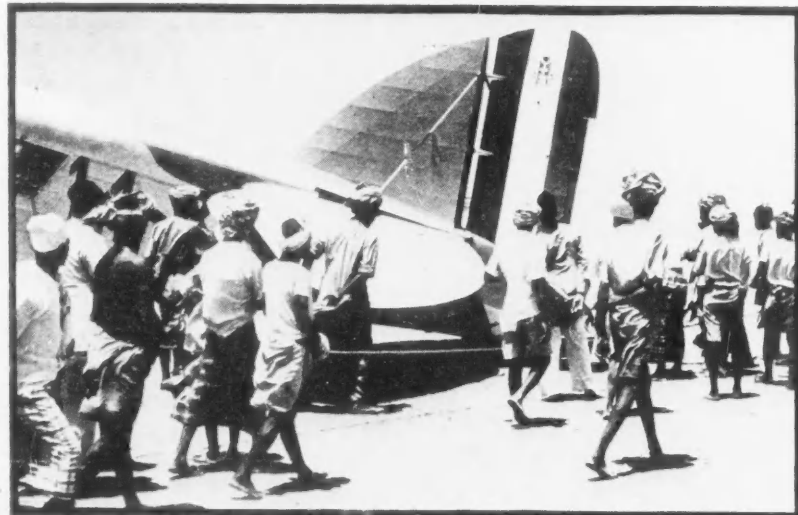
Mainly barren desert, less than five per cent. of the vast territory is capable of development even with modern irrigation. Though Mussolini has spent much money there, the country is still dependent on Italy for most of its needs.



Il Duce's Fort Maddelena in the western desert is destroyed



A British Intelligence man quizzes a captive Italian general



An Italian Savoia bomber which was forced down and captured



After a day's labor, Italian prisoners return to a guarded



... camp where they do all their own cooking and appear to be more



... than a little proud of the results.

considered the money as capital invested.

Fully developed, Libya could not support more than 200,000 white people and therefore provides no real solution for Italy's "living space" problem, even if it existed. Not five per cent of the whole vast territory is capable of development even with modern methods of irrigation, the problem of water is acute almost everywhere and ports created by great effort require continual dredging to keep them open.

Road-Building

The Italians, like their Roman predecessors, believe that trade follows the road and have done excellent work in connecting up the chief towns of the country. The coastal road 1250 miles in length from the frontier of Egypt to that of Tunis is their special pride. It was built at considerable expense with more than half an eye on its military use. But it is everywhere under the command of battle-ships in the Mediterranean and, of course, a road which is good for advancing to the enemy's frontier is equally good for him if he should decide to take the offensive. The road is particularly vulnerable from the air since for most of its length there is not a scrap of cover for miles on either side of it.

The great problem of agriculture—the only industry apart from fishing on the coast—is water. Not only is there a shortage of water but also an excess of a hot South wind. But where agriculture succeeds, the results are spectacular, two and three crops a year being grown. Trees are the basis of agriculture. They protect from the wind, provide shade and conserve moisture. But getting the trees themselves to grow is not easy.

Italy's Good Work

The cultivated area has been greatly extended in the last few years by great efforts and scientific methods. Tobacco, grapes and other products are now growing on thousands of acres which less than ten years ago were desert. The typical landscape with its olive and almond trees and white houses is not unlike that of parts of Italy itself. In Cyrenaica which has more rain than Tripolitania, agriculture is on a broader

basis with cereal crops and sheep.

No one will hesitate to admit that Italy has done splendid work, even though it is, compared with the size of the country, on an almost microscopic scale. The pity is that Mussolini did not perceive that to reap the reward of that work and extend it the one essential was peace. To all intents and purposes Italy lost her African colonies for the duration of the Great War. The natives who have seen brothers and husbands dropped onto rocks from aeroplanes and wells destroyed as a punishment cannot have forgotten or forgiven and war may give them their opportunity. There are big Italian forces in Libya but they depend on Italy for food, munitions, oil, equipment everything that a modern army requires. To ship them demands command of the sea. And that command, Mussolini is not likely to get. When his own submarines have been destroyed, our own may find the life line to Libya a very profitable hunting ground.

THE CRUSADERS

OUR men go down to the sea in ships,

They sail on the Seven Seas,

God of Battle! In all the world

Were ever such men as these?

Never a ship they scuttle

And never a foe they flee,

For in our need the bulldog breed

Have always kept the sea.

And there be ships of another fleet:

Nor earth nor wholesome seas

Their battleground, but the airy blue:

What manner of men are these?

The engines roar, high up they soar,

Their fate in Fortune's lap;

And four to one is even odds

And five to one is a scrap.

And there be men from the world's last ends

On beach, on hill, in town.

They're tough, they're hard; they stand on guard;

They'll never let us down.

They've sworn this oath to their fellows

Who bend neath the Pagan rod:

"We'll straighten the crooked Nazi cross

And make it the Cross of God."

Ottawa, Ont. JOHN J. FREELAND.

British Middle East Army Larrups the Italians



Fierce-visaged Egyptian soldiers on guard along the Nile River



Wavell, C-in-C Middle East Forces



Anzacs — diggers whose fathers fought in France and at Gallipoli



South Staffordshire Regiment (Infantry) manoeuvres in the desert

LAST week the British Middle East Army sprang a surprise dawn offensive on Marshal Rodolfo Graziani's expeditionary force in Egypt, smashed through Sidi Barrani, the advance Italian base, and carried their lightning offensive over the border into Libya. After six days of fighting, the British had captured 26,000 prisoners, vast booty in war equipment and the Italians were fighting desperately to protect their main supply bases in Eastern Libya. One of these was the important port of Bardia which, by week's end, was only thirty miles from the firing line. The other was Tobruk. Both were in flames from incessant R.A.F. bombings.

Co-operating with the land and air forces was the Royal Navy which poured heavy shells into the lines of Italian troops who were trying to consolidate their positions. British airmen reported one Italian column which waited forlornly to be captured rather than continue fighting after being bombed. Here on this page are a few of the types of British troops engaged.



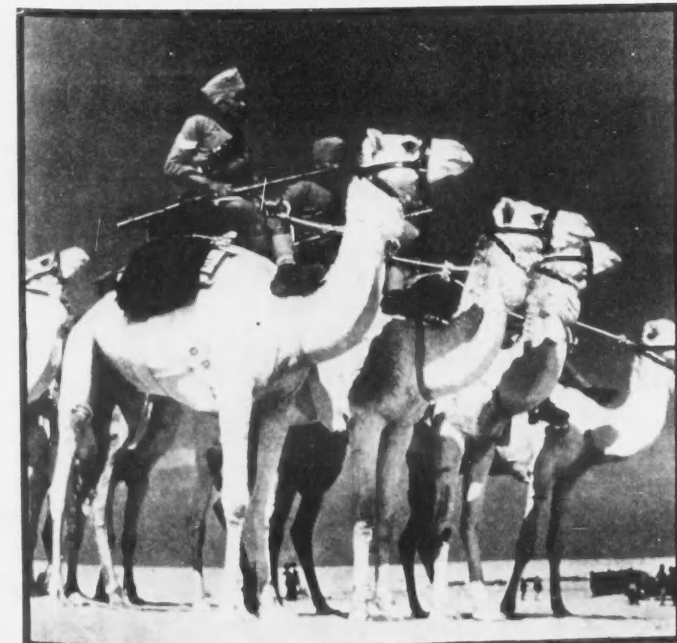
Egyptian fighter pilots leave the tarmac after a flight



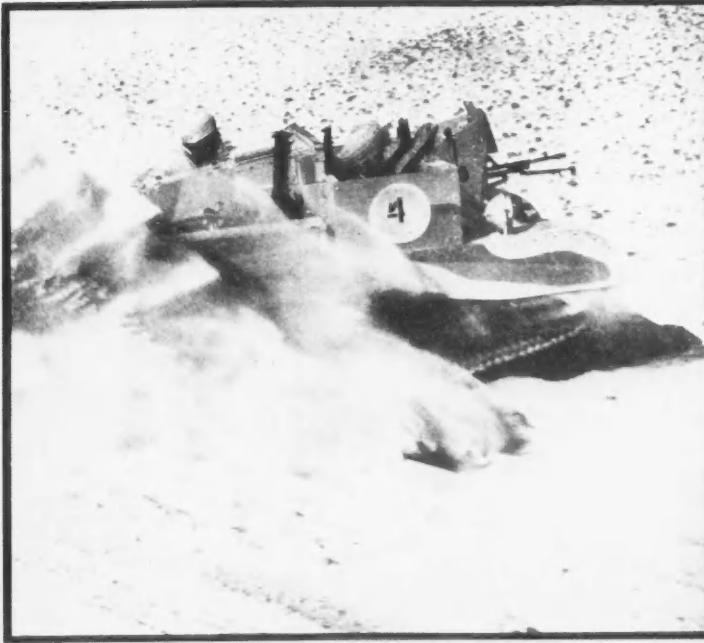
Military police of the Indian Army in Egypt are inspected before going on duty



Australia-New Zealand Army camp "somewhere in Egypt". Anzac airmen are in Middle East



Camel Corps co-operates with mechanized troops



Indian troops slew a fast-traveling Bren gun carrier



A "free Frenchman" rests in the shadow of his combat plane

Why National Leadership in Education is Vital

BY C. CECIL LINGARD

THE need of the federal democracies for "national leadership" in the field of education has become a "matter of supreme importance" at a time when the totalitarian dictators are using the innumerable channels of instruction to control every aspect of their own national life and to undermine respect abroad for the principles which we in the democracies hold dear.

Now, as never before, educational leaders need a breadth of view which transcends both the provincial and national spheres. Their appreciation and understanding of the varied influences that are playing upon the intelligence and emotions of the children and young people under their care must be such as to enable them to prepare these young citizens for a critical evaluation of such influences and for "wisdom in their responses thereto."

The early realization of the above two goals, with respect to educational policy in the Canadian Confederation, is conditioned first of all upon a wide knowledge of the educational problems and policies which have prevailed in the past. This knowl-

edge is now readily attainable for the first time within the covers of a single volume — Dr. James C. Miller's "National Government and Education in Federated Democracies: Dominion of Canada."

For Democratic Way

Dr. Miller's scholarly work is sweeping in its scope. Following a frank discussion of educational services essential for a democracy in such difficult times as these through which we are passing, the book discusses such questions as land grants in aid of education before and since Confederation, the rights and privileges of religious minorities, education of the Indians, national defence and education, the relationship of the federal government to vocational education, the various voluntary educational organizations, the scientific and technical divisions of the various federal departments of governments, the National Research Council, and the Royal Society of Canada.

The author, whose death took place in September on the eve of the

In Germany the principles of Naziism are taught in the schools, from kindergarten upwards.

Today, educational leaders across Canada are intently studying the relation of education to citizenship and democracy.

For a successful democracy in Canada, the federal government must associate itself more closely with the provinces in the responsibilities of educational organization and finance.

publication of the present volume — by the Science Press Printing Company of Lancaster, Pennsylvania — received his public and high school education in Regina, and his Ph.D. in Education at Columbia University. After teaching in the Provincial Normal School at Calgary, he organized the Alberta program of technical education, headed the federal board on vocational education, and for the last fifteen years was professor of educational administration in the University of Pennsylvania. His brother, Thos. Miller, is editor of the Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Out of the breadth of his culture

and the richness of his experience, Professor Miller offers extensive suggestions for the future application of the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, without which the citizens of a democracy cannot confidently resist the forces of betrayal or the enticements of foreign propaganda.

The author would have those in charge of public affairs take the lead in providing the following educational requirements as essential to securing the devotion of all lovers of humanity to the democratic way of life:—

The education of "every child" in the basic essentials requisite for personal development and for a larger grasp of the privileges and obligations of citizenship; the selection and preparation of those capable of leadership in the manifold activities of adult life; the stimulation, support, and co-ordination of the efforts of those capable of contributing to the extension of man's mastery over nature and over himself in his relations with his fellow men; the application of man's intelligence and resourcefulness to the solution of the problems of social adjustment; the search, on the part of higher educational agencies, for the pathways to more adequate conceptions of the meaning and significance of human life; the cultivation of that upward attitude of mind that is essential for the nurture of genius; and finally, the provision of facilities for adult education throughout life in matters pertaining to cultural growth, vocational competence, and the responsibilities of citizenship.

Dominion Must Come In

If Canada would meet these educational prerequisites for a successful democracy, the federal government, the author believes, should associate itself more closely with the provinces in the responsibilities of educational organization and finance.

"The Dominion has never had a co-ordinated educational policy, nor has its government ever attempted to provide leadership in the field of education." The question of the provision of educational facilities — as well as health, welfare, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, etc., on an equitable and adequate basis, to ensure the well-being and happiness of every citizen and the opportunity of each to serve the community according to his capacity and effort, was among the matters

considered by the Rowell-Sirois Commission of inquiry into Dominion-provincial relations.

Dr. Miller's outstanding book has come off the press at a most appropriate time — when educational leaders across Canada are studying the question of citizenship in relation to democracy, and when government heads are setting the stage for the Dominion-Provincial Conference on the recommendations of the Sirois Commission. All our public men who are engaged in these two significant matters should study this cyclopaedic and philosophic work. In it they will find many a challenging statement respecting the provision of adequate and equitable educational facilities as one of the "basic and fundamental functions of government in a democracy." "No group," declares the author, "is in more need of adult education today than those who are in positions of leadership. The pressure of this necessity is felt within each and all of the manifold fields of activity and in all the relations of mankind. If its leaders fail to qualify and if others better qualified are not being adequately prepared to meet in full measure the responsibilities of leadership, to what can democracy look forward?"

Constitution No Bar

It is doubtful whether the failure of the federal authorities in the past to play the role of co-ordinator and leader in the educational field is wholly attributable to the restrictions of the Canadian constitution. The Dominion government long contributed to the discovery, conservation and more effective utilization of the physical resources of the country. The same government must be more directly and actively associated with that of the provinces in the rehabilitation, conservation, development, and wise utilization of the human resources of Canada, as the problem of supreme importance after the war.

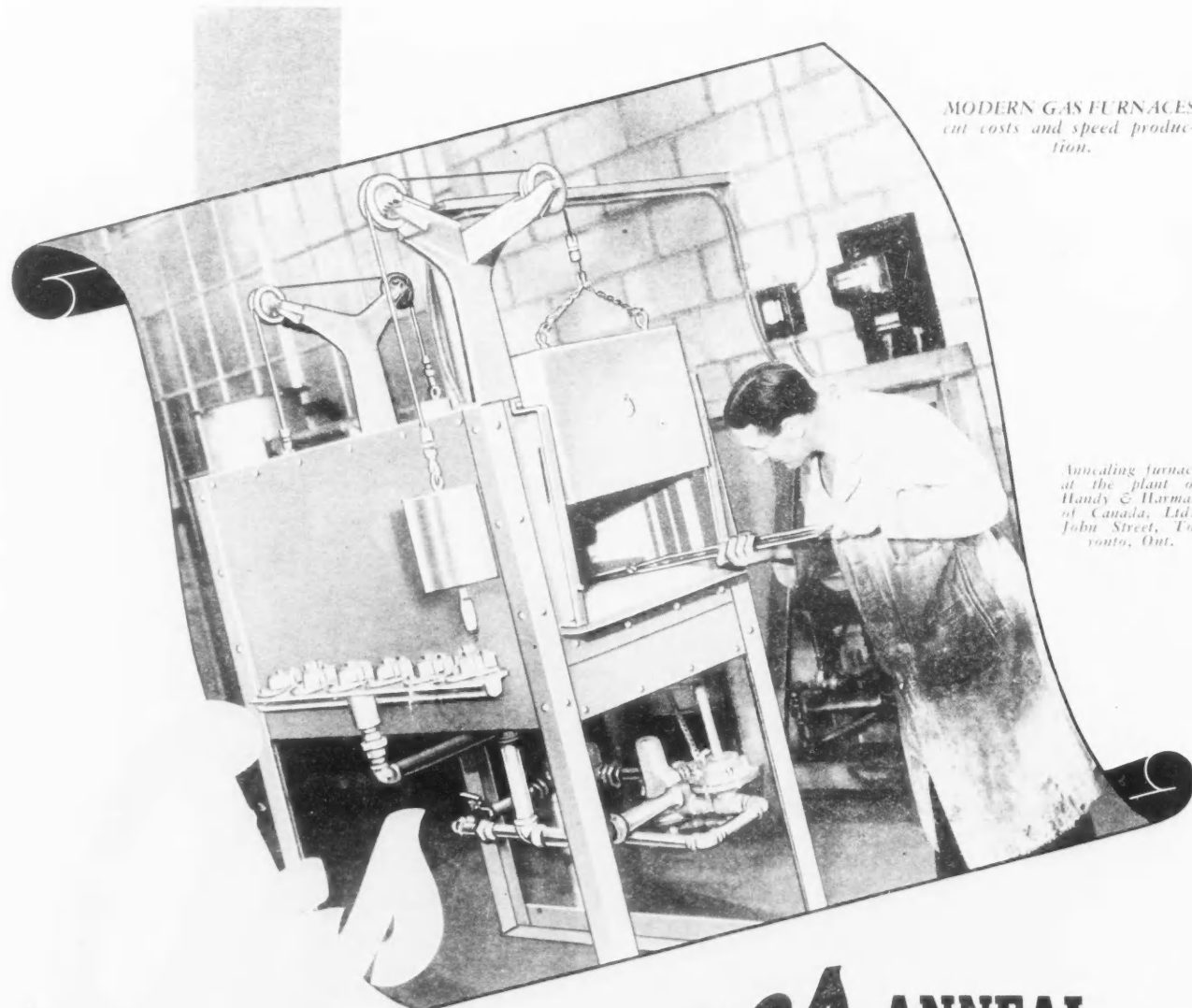
Incidentally, such association of the Dominion with the provinces and local communities might achieve wonders in developing a healthy consciousness of Canadian national unity and in retaining in Canada a larger proportion of her illustrious sons, of whom the author of the volume under review is an example. Canada has exported too large a portion of her brains, because of her lack of national supervision in the educational sphere and of her immaturity of spirit.

SON

DEAR little son, you know the art
Of walking now without a tumble
And you can take a toy apart
With busy hands that hardly fumble

The world is all yours to explore,
But I would hesitate to own up
How much you have to learn before
You know as little as a grown-up!

MAY RICHSTONE



Annealing furnace at the plant of Handy & Harman of Canada, Ltd., John Street, Toronto, Ont.

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THE TREND TODAY IS TO GAS



The curfew notice in front of the British Columbia canteen in London.

Is Control of Information in Wartime Sound?

BY E. A. HAVELOCK

THE theory upon which control of information appears to be being worked in Canada at the present time, and upon which it was being worked in most European countries in the early stages of the war, is twofold: news of all kinds, that might be of the smallest military value, must be kept from the enemy; and news of any unfavorable kind must be kept from our own people. The first is part of military strategy. The second is supposed to be a necessary technique for sustaining the home front.

Though the objectives are different, the results produced by both of these suppressions upon our government and our way of life are precisely the same. You cannot fool your enemy without fooling your own people also. So the result of controlling information upon these principles is that we adopt a system according to which the government, possessing information, moves in one atmosphere, and the people, without information, move in another. Access to information as to what is happening and what needs to be done is made a monopoly, in the hands of a loosely defined group made up of the Cabinet, the higher executives, the generals, the experts and the "key men," who form plans in the light of superior knowledge, and initiate the people into just so much of these plans as they consider necessary. This is supposed to cushion the home front against shock and disturbance; to this insulated calm we often give the undeserved name of morale.

The experience of England under the Churchill Government has shaken this whole theory of wartime censorship. The policy of the preceding Government had been to build up public confidence by insulating the public against shock and fear, by stressing England's strength, and by discouraging criticism of her weaknesses. When the Germans occupied Norway with comparative ease, the event was like an extra strong dose of electricity which shattered the insulation; the English masses were suddenly able to sense the real peril directly, and to respond with energy and action.

Let the Public Be Shocked

If the previous insulation theory had been anywhere near correct, the official line during the fall of France should have continued to be one of desperate optimism—carried to extreme in order to cushion the situation. Actually, the new Government simply threw the previous policy and all its premises overboard. In the nation's most dangerous hour, they promised only "blood, toil, tears and sweat." They deliberately reinforced the shock when, one might have thought, the public was least able to bear it. First the shock frightened the English, then it made them mad, and then it made them act. If they had been left secure and confident a bit longer, they might have been defeated.

We have become aware, as the Germany army marches through Europe, that it is not merely men who are on the march. The science of war advances also, bringing in its stride new techniques which confer mastery. The German general staff evolved a successful method of combining dive bombers and tanks with infantry; the discovery altered the nature of warfare, and gave them control over a large part of Europe. The British devised a combat plane, the result of prolonged research, and were thus able to stay German conquest at the Channel. Such examples show how history is determined not merely by the purposes of men, but also by the changing techniques that they command from time to time.

The war-time control of news and comment is one of these changing techniques. Censorship on the classic model dates from the era of mercenary armies equipped with muskets and generalised by professional soldiers who in the nature of things were left for long periods to fend for themselves. They were expected to run their own war. By 1918 all this had changed, and the world had

The trouble with control of information in wartime is that your own people are ignorant, as well as (you hope) the enemy. And collective war, for a democracy, requires the productive energies of the whole people — their spending and saving and skill, their working hours and their leisure. The people have to know in order to act.

In Britain the people know, and the result is that the government is not driving the people but the people pushing the government. The people are making war.

entered an epoch of "total war," which should more properly be called collective war. But on the whole the technique of news control remained unadjusted to new conditions, and the English home front throughout that conflict was insulated as far as possible from the total situation as it confronted the executive from day to day.

The Shock of 1916

However, the censorship was defied on one notable occasion, when Northcliffe and Lloyd George combined to expose to the English people the fact that their armies could not fight because they did not have enough munitions. There were plenty of men, honest and responsible, who believed at the time that Northcliffe was a traitor. Their reasoning was logical within its limits, but they reasoned from wrong premises. For while the exposure may have comforted the enemy for a time, and certainly created all sorts of disturbance and shock in the community, it also provoked vigorous reaction, forcing the nation into high-gear activity, which won the war, when a continuation of confidence would have lost it.

The example is instructive, for it reveals the main reason why military censorship, in the form usually practised, is becoming obsolete. Collective war involves the productive energies of the whole people, their spending and saving and skill, their working hours and their leisure. A complete dictatorship can command these energies, up to a point, by mechanical compulsion. But a democracy is an organism, not a machine, and it outclasses the machine because it has a nervous system, through which it can feel stimulus and react to it. Without this two-way transmission of impulse and energy, it is dead. A corpse and a machine are recognizable by this, that they have no power to respond to environment, no power to battle danger or adjust to change. In a living organism the tempo of adjustment is normally even, but danger or emergency can quicken the power to notice and respond; nervous energy is multiplied in proportion to the sensory shock which is transmitted. But if the organism is somehow insulated against shock, it fails to adjust, and perishes.

Organs of Sensation

The nervous system of a democratic state is a rudimentary and untidy affair, consisting of press, members of parliament, freelance writers and observers, and organizations of one sort or another which pass resolutions and produce petitions and apply pressure. These are all instruments for receiving shocks and passing them on through the whole body politic, like electric currents which stimulate energy. In peacetime, the community uses these organs of sensation to feel its way along the road of adjustment and change. But in war, the same nervous system is required to release energy and action with redoubled speed. Given a chance, it will respond, because the sense of emer-

gency or danger is also redoubled. The reaction is proportionate to the shock. The people have to think, act and will because they have seen, heard and felt. Their reactions will not always be relevant or accurate, but they will always add up to something important, provided the populace have not first been surrounded with a purely artificial environment. They mean life and energy which it is beyond the power of any official omniscience to supply.

Classic Theory Out-of-Date

If this is anywhere near the truth, then the classic theory of censorship is false, for it requires us to carry out a surgical operation on democracy at a time when it needs every ounce of strength it has. It is robbed of essential organs of self-defence, so that it responds sluggishly and functions inefficiently in proportion to the situation which confronts it. If the popular mind is insulated from danger and distress, the popular imagination will be prevented from demanding change and accepting sacrifice and forcing rapid adjustment; the sense organs have been blunted or removed. According to established wartime theory, the official sustains and supports the public. Should not the equation be the reverse of this? It is the public, properly exposed to the main facts, which should propel the official. We have to think of ourselves as a vast reservoir of energy and purpose, which overflows when we are scared, angry or just dissatisfied; it is an energy activated by a lively perception of concrete deficiencies and dangers; and it then reacts with the force of an explosive charge upon those select brains which are entrusted with the task of giving orders.

England is being driven by urgent instinct to learn just this lesson. A contemporary observer has described

NOR DEAD NOR CAPTIVE

(Dedicated to Ex-Ambassador Kennedy)

NO, NO, the pessimist is wrong!
Democracy's not dead.
She is not even in a swoon;
She does not bow her head.

These are not fetters that she wears,
But harness for the fight;
And willingly she lays aside
Many a hard-won right

So that a wider right may rule
So that mankind, set free,
May build secure in days to come
The House of Liberty.

Halifax, N.S. LOUISA BURELL

her people at war in the following terms: "What I do know is that, whatever its cost, the war effort is a really universal effort—a tide in which every man, woman and child swims; and that there are few back eddies and waters in which this is not so. It was this universality of effort that I met everywhere that

made the government seem to me somehow, and curiously, unimportant. It is as if it were not guiding events, but being pushed by them. . . . In almost every single minister of the government I talked to I felt a sense of men being pushed from below, of trying to keep up with the demands of the people."



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WEEK TO WEEK

History and the Belgians

BY B. K. SANDWELL

WHEN the time comes for the re-establishment of humane and civilized authority upon the continent of Europe, which means when the present gangster authority has ceased to be powerful, it will be important that the nations which have the task of re-establishing that civilized authority should be under the fewest possible illusions as to what happened during the time when civilization was breaking down under the onslaughts of barbarism. This is particularly true in connection with the lamentable series of events comprised in the conquest of Belgium and the surrender of the Belgian army. For that reason I propose in effect to hand over this department this week to an author who writes under the name of Saint Yves, and whose small pamphlet, "A Page of History," describing the Eighteen Day Campaign and the surrender of the Belgian army has been translated into English by Mrs. Charles Tutt.

It would be next to impossible to read this document and to retain any belief that King Leopold was actuated in any of his actions by the slightest sympathy for the German cause. The situation in which the Belgian army found itself is described with great detail, and the description leads to the conclusion that very little if any benefit could have accrued to the allies of Belgium, if the Belgian army had continued to resist after May 28. Nor is there any evidence to suggest that the blame for that situation of the army was to be attached to the behavior of the troops themselves, the strategy of their commanders, or the conduct of the King. It is true that censure must be attached, upon the ground of extreme unwisdom, to the general policy of the Belgian Government during a number of years previous, in the matter of preparation for defence. This censure, however, cannot be directed towards Belgium alone, since the refusal to collaborate with neighboring democratic nations for mutual defence against the autocratic aggressor was the common fault of the whole of Europe during the years preceding 1939, and indeed not only of the whole of Europe, for the North American and other democracies lie open to the same charge, with no other extenuation than that which may arise from their distance from the destined scenes of the first stage of the conflict.

At any rate the dispositions taken by the Belgian army, and the instructions to that army by its King, leave no room for doubt as to the genuineness of the intention to resist the invader to the utmost limits of the nation's power.

THE telegram sent by King Leopold on May 27 to Lord Gort, Commander of the British Expeditionary Force, recites that: "The army is very disheartened, for it is fighting without a pause for four days, under an intensive bombardment that the R.A.F. has not been able to prevent. From knowing this allied grouping hemmed in and the great aerial enemy superiority, the troops have inferred a desperate situation. The moment rapidly approaches when they will be past a state of resisting." This brings up a point in relation to British air policy which perhaps cannot even yet be fully discussed in public, but which needs to be borne in mind when considering the actions and reactions of the Belgian army. It is a matter of fairly common knowledge by this time that for various reasons, most of them connected with the distribution of authority as between the different fighting forces, the co-operation of the R.A.F. with even the British forces on continental territory, to say nothing of those of Britain's allies, left a good deal to be desired. Unquestionably it was the immense superiority of the Germans in the air that enabled them to push their advance with such appalling rapidity, or rather, it was the way in which that superiority was used in close co-operation with the land forces. It may be doubted whether it would have been physically possible for the R.A.F. to make even a serious dent in that superiority, but it seems not too much to say that their ability to do so constituted the only hope for a successful resistance, or even an unsuccessful but delaying resistance, on the part of the Belgian army.

ON THE point of the failure of the Belgians to communicate to their allies their intention to surrender, there seems to be little ground of complaint. A very frank communication was made to the Chief of the French Mission at Belgian headquarters on May 26. I have already quoted the telegram to Lord Gort on May 27, which ended: "The King is going to find himself forced to capitulate in order to prevent a collapse." The French Mission was able to ad-



Bombing of London slackened last week but British spirit did not. One of the bombs did this damage and produced this typical response.

vide General Weygand of the surrender and to communicate his response at 3.15 in the morning of the 28th. There was apparently a failure to communicate with the local commander of the French troops in the north, but the writer of this pamphlet states that this delay "was in all probability totally independent of the intention of the Belgian command," being due to the cutting of the lines of communication. Before the surrender, the Belgian military authorities were careful to send towards Dunkerque, in Belgian trucks, the 60th French Division which was fighting in the Belgian sector, and which was thus placed at the disposition of the French Command.

THE point that a portion of the Belgian army might have been evacuated from Ostend, and have continued the fight upon foreign soil, is dismissed by this writer in the following language: "In truth, Belgium did not have at its command any fleet which would have been able to assure the transportation of its troops. At no moment could the French or British authorities have foreseen or considered any possibility whatsoever of retreat by way of

the sea. Never had they either put at the disposition of the Belgian army, nor even offered, a group of naval units. The wounded themselves could not be evacuated. The port of Ostend, violently bombarded for several days by German aviation, was moreover clearly inadequate for a venturing thereupon the ticklish operation of a re-embarkation. It is finally proper to recall the deficiency, already indicated, of the Allied Air Forces; without their solid co-operation such an operation was inconceivable."

The language both of M. Saint Yves and of the official communications and documents which he quotes makes it clear that the state of mind of the Belgian troops themselves was the main factor in producing the surrender; but it also gives very good reason for supposing that that state of mind was justified by the military conditions of the moment. There appeared to be no hope of saving any of the territory of Belgium from the German hordes. It is one thing to die for the sake of a possibility of saving one's country, and quite another thing to die for the abstract idea of democracy and the rights of small nations.

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Fight Looms Over European Relief

BY GOLDWIN GREGORY

IF ONLY Herbert Clark Hoover, thirty-first President of the United States of America and a Quaker, were not a failure as a politician and were not held in such great esteem as a praiseworthy citizen, there would be less danger of Anglo-American relations running on a snag. For Mr. Hoover has the time to devote to an agitation that is bound to stir up much feeling, and by virtue of a record for humanitarian deeds his words command respectful attention. Mr. Hoover holds that it is the duty of America to feed starving Europe and to that end to urge on the British a relaxation of the blockade.

There is dynamite in this issue.

For example, Britain stands in need of American credits. Two obstacles intervene before even private, let alone governmental, credits may be granted. The Johnson Act, which prohibits the purchase of or dealing in securities of a government in default on war loans, and the Neutrality Act with its cash-and-carry provision. A close fight is certain in Congress when the subject of their repeal comes up; a slight shift in sentiment might be sufficient to swing the balance against. A similar slight shift could seriously hamper the Administration in any of its efforts to aid Britain. The isolationist and the appeaser, the German agent and the fifth columnist, could find no more fertile ground to cultivate than the emotional mind of the American who witnesses human suffering. It is in that ground that the sympathy for Britain has now its strongest roots. In that same ground may spring up, as weeds in a field of corn, an overpowering resentment of those who willingly prevent sustenance from reaching starving mouths.

The most insistent voice, and the most compelling, will be that of Herbert Hoover.

Feed Workers for Germany

Mr. Hoover will strike the chord of sweet reasonableness. In August he made this proposal: Let a neutral non-governmental organization be set up, as was done in the last war, with whom the Germans would agree (a) to take none of the domestic produce of Belgium, Holland, Norway, Poland and possibly Finland; (b) to furnish an equivalent of any food already taken; (c) to permit imports from Russia and the Balkan states; (d) to allow free passage of ships without attack, and (e) to permit adequate control of distribution by the organization so as to enable it to assure that these guarantees are carried out.

The British in turn would agree that ships carrying cargoes only of food for these people should be allowed to pass the blockade so long as the guarantees are fulfilled. The plan would be financed out of the considerable American resources of the countries whose people were to be fed.

Note that Mr. Hoover does not except from those to be fed the workers in the factories which produce, willingly or not, munitions for the German armed forces, or the hewers of wood and drawers of water from whose labors come the raw materials for the manufacturing plants in occupied territory and in Germany and Italy, or the transport workers.

Note, too, the sublime faith that Mr. Hoover seems prepared to place in promises to be demanded of Germany. We shouldn't like to accuse him of deliberately misleading his countrymen, but we feel that he shows an entire lack of appreciation of the worthlessness of Hitler's pledges. In common with those who believe that America should accommodate itself to a new European order, and who are either moved by self-interest or wilfully blind to the real nature of the present struggle, Mr. Hoover would predicate his plan on a guarantee known in advance to have been given only that it might

Should Britain relax her blockade to permit the passage of American food and medical supplies for needy Europe?

If she does, the supplies may get into Germany's hands or sustain the production of war materials for Germany. If she does not, she may lose the goodwill of many citizens of the United States, whose whole-hearted support of her war effort is so necessary.

Mr. Gregory outlines the pros and cons of a question that is likely to assume very serious proportions in the early future, and which may gravely affect the course of the war.

be turned to the giver's advantage. Note further, and only incidentally, that it is predicated too on the supposition, rather precarious today, that the United States will remain a non-belligerent.

In a magazine article late in November Mr. Hoover promulgated his plan anew. He drew on his own experiences in the last war, and pointed out how honorably the Germans had then observed their undertakings; from that behavior he concluded that now they could similarly be trusted. He made no differentiation between war according to the rules and the present total war. He gave a diagram in words of the probable famine areas and the number of people, principally in cities, likely to suffer (in these he was much less alarming than are most of the prophets of doom and despair).

Harvard Group Report

There are other agencies in the United States which seek to arouse a public sentiment strong enough to force the Administration to put on Britain the onus of refusing relief. So clearly are these others inspired by a desire to stir up trouble that, it can happily be noted, their appeal has been quite ineffective and has reacted on their cause. They have painted pictures so heartrending as to verge on the grotesque, and have characterized the British as so inhuman that they have brought ridi-

cule on their sponsors. On the other hand, there are some clumsily contrived programs of propaganda designed to create the impression that, given the least will on the part of the Germans to alleviate famine conditions, there is ample food now in Europe for all.

Midway there lie some objective estimates and studies, whose purpose is purely fact-finding. One was prepared for the Harvard Group of the research organization known as "American Defence" by Professor John D. Black, Professor of Economics at Harvard. Of this we may briefly take notice, with acknowledgements to Arthur Kroek of the *New York Times*, who has recently reviewed it.

Mr. Black reports, summarizing the situation on Continental Europe: "No actual starvation, though considerable sickness from undernourishment, need result until the next crop comes in if a moderately effective and equitable job of rationing between nations, between communities and between families, is accomplished." He adds, however, that the kind of rationing required will probably be unobtainable and "accordingly we can expect hunger and sickness from malnutrition in millions of European homes this coming winter, spring and early summer."

The American Friends' Service Committee has recently distributed in Poland, with the full co-operation

of the Germans, a substantial amount of food and clothing in such a way, they report, that no benefit has accrued to the enemy. Mr. Black suggests, with this experience in view, that Britain might permit medicines and "critical foods" to reach sufferers in other areas; he points out that should the Germans refuse to co-operate the effort might engender goodwill in the occupied areas toward those still free. Mr. Kroek adds that British acquiescence in such an attempt would serve to convince Americans that they should not press the British to do more than permit passage of anything but medical supplies and powdered milk for children.

Prospect of Pestilence

In determining their attitude to American requests for passage of supplies the British Government will have to weigh many factors. Primarily they must consider the effect on the outcome of the war. To this consideration all others are contributory. Will a refusal engender enough illwill in the United States to affect materially the flow of American aid? Will an acceptance engender enough goodwill on the continent to encourage enslaved Europeans seriously to embarrass Hitler? Is there such a danger of famine as to make likely the spread of pestilence, which knows no frontier and affects friend and foe alike? In any event, even if the Germans did get some benefit, could it prolong or affect the outcome of the war? These, and many other contributing factors, add up to quite a problem. Nor must the nature of the eventual peace be overlooked; it is essentially an element of the outcome of the war, and a misstep now could seriously hamper the prospects of that continued co-operation of the British and American peoples on which so much of the hope for the future depends.

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THE HITLER WAR

The Battle of Italy

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

"Millions of workers are instinctively opposed to the African colonial undertakings. The adventure of Tripoli is a red herring to distract the country from facing up to its grave and complex internal problems."—Mussolini, as editor of a Socialist paper, September 1911.

MUSSOLINI understood his people and the capabilities of his country better in 1911. To fight frankly imperialist wars you have to have soldiers who will battle equally well for a good cause or a bad, or no cause at all who fight, in short, for the sheer joy of conquest. To fight on both sides of the Mediterranean and in the middle, you have to have naval control of that sea. To fight a great modern war at all, you have to have a strong industrial and raw material basis for your war machine. Mussolini went to war with none of these, and so he has come to his present fix in six months of fighting. Or, more properly, in six weeks, for he was able to go along very cheaply all summer by attempting very little.

The reputation of the Italian soldier is only moderately good in defending his own country, and in foreign wars, from Abyssinia in 1896, to Tripoli in 1911-12, Abyssinia again in 1935 (where they required a one-sided equipment of tanks, planes and poison gas and an enormous expedition of 350,000 men to conquer a primitive foe), and Spain in 1937. The industry of Italy is only slightly greater than that of pre-Munich Czechoslovakia, while the country has no domestic iron, oil or coal supply. The Italian Navy does not seem to have ever intended to fight it out in open battle with the British Mediterranean Fleet, or it would certainly have done so at the time of Oran.

Perhaps one could hardly expect Mussolini to admit the poor fighting qualities of his men, but now dared he go to war in face of these other factors? When he went in, Germany had already defeated France, and it is plain that Mussolini counted on her doing most of the work against Britain. For the rest he depended on his air power to make up all de-

ficiencies. From its many strategically placed bases it would make the narrow waters of the Mediterranean too hot for the British Fleet, leaving his fleet in control, after which victory would shortly be his. What is more, Hitler, who had strongly preconceived ideas on the supremacy of the bomber over the battleship, for which we were not a little responsible by the hasty withdrawal of our great naval concentration from Malta in October 1935, apparently because of the desperate Italian bombing threat, appears to have regarded Italian air power, at least, as a worthwhile part of the alliance. Whether or not he took seriously the boast of the famous *Disperata* squadron about cramming their planes with explosive and diving to their death down the funnels of British battleships, there was the certainty that the Italians would distract considerable French and British air power to the Mediterranean, thus leaving him with an even greater preponderance in the North.

Air Efforts Futile

The Italian communiqués in connection with the naval engagement of July 9 clearly reveal these hopes. Using their fleet merely as a decoy, for four days before and after the brief brush the Italians sent "the whole mass of Italian aviation from the bases in South Italy, Libya and the Eastern Mediterranean" against Sir Andrew Cunningham's fleet. They claimed to have sunk one battleship, severely damaged the *Hood* and set it on fire, damaged still another battleship, made two hits with heavy bombs squarely on the decks of the *Ark Royal*, fired another aircraft-carrier, made repeated hits on two cruisers, and finally punished the whole force still further as it "limped" away to Alexandria. The truth was that at the cost of 20 planes shot down the Italians had wounded three British sailors but had not made a single hit on a ship.

It was accepted as a matter of course by the Italians that Malta could be made useless, and our authorities seem to have thought so poorly of the chances of maintaining

an aerodrome there that for the first month they left its defence entirely to anti-aircraft guns. During this time the Italians made nearly 100 raids, or an average of three a day, but caused ridiculously little damage. By mid-summer we moved in a fighter squadron, and by September a great new battleship sailed scornfully into the Grand Harbor in the middle of an air raid with its band playing on deck, to bring the population rushing out from their shelters cheering wildly. The long raids against Gibraltar did little more than shake the moss off the rocks, as a recent visitor to Canada has reported, while those against Alexandria had no effect on that base's usefulness. Bombers from the numerous aerodromes of the Dodecanese Islands could do nothing to the Suez Canal or the oil pipe-line terminus and fuel depot of our Mediterranean Fleet at Haifa.

In the support of Italian land operations the Fascist air force, with its main strength available, was unable to prevail over the few squadrons of ancient *Gladiators* to whom the defence of Egypt was left most of the summer. Quite the contrary, the result of the biggest engagement was 15 to 2 in our favor, and other scores were in the same proportion. In November the terrible *Disperata* squadron was thrown into the Battle of Albania, and did you notice the difference? For the six months' operations up to the beginning of our drive in the Western Desert the total score in air combat between British and Italians, on all fronts and at sea, was 460 to 58. So much for Mussolini's dream of air-blitzkrieging us out of the Mediterranean.

Brilliant Strategy

In contrast with the Duce's contemptible scheme for piling with the whole of his land, sea and air forces on the back of an adversary engaged in a life and death struggle elsewhere, the British reinforcement of the Mediterranean during August and September, when many looked for a German invasion any day, must be recognized as a heroic measure and brilliant strategy to boot. The unhesitating decision to send to Greece, guns, planes and ships which had been accumulated for Britain's own offensive in Egypt can also be seen now for the keen stroke which it was, though it must have taken courage at the time. Wavell, Cunningham and Churchill have between them certainly done a brilliant job in the Mediterranean. The Italian Navy has been reduced by a third or more. Losses have been in-



Indian troops in Egypt man a Bren Gun carrier. They are part of British forces which have driven the Italians over the border into Libya.

flicted on the Italian Air Force, which, if one measures them by replacement capacity, must be compared to a loss of four or five thousand planes by the *Luftwaffe*. The Dodecanese have been cut off. An invaluable new base has been gained in Crete. Our aid to Greece, which we might easily have waived in view of the German threat across Bulgaria, has changed the whole situation in the Balkans, allowed Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to hold out against Germany, heartened Turkey, emboldened Russia, and hastened Italy's failure. At a relatively insignificant cost we have not only made good our word to Greece, but effectively placed a second large army in the field fighting the Italians, using up their equipment and occupying transport which might otherwise supply the Libyan forces. Perhaps more important, we have brought the war and defeat much closer home to the Italian people.

And now to sum up Mussolini's position: In Libya half of his large army has been captured or broken up, the spearhead of his drive on Alexandria has been bitten off, and he has been thrown back sharply on the defensive. Graziani will do well if he can save the rest of his forces. The British may pause for awhile when they capture Bardia, to rest their men and fix up that port a bit as a base for a further drive to clean the Italians right out of Cyrenaica, the eastern province of Libya. "Libya," so large on the map of Africa, is really no more than a green fringe along the coast, the few harbors whose names we know so well, and the 1000-mile road stretching back to Tripoli. It has been called "a glorified colonial exhibition," and "Egypt without the Nile." It is so little self-supporting that in recent years it has imported ten times as much from Italy as it has exported. If Graziani's supply difficulties have been great hitherto, they will now become fantastic, with his overseas route and almost the whole length and breadth of the colony under the fire of British naval guns. With the RAF pounding his aerodromes, the Navy smashing his ports, and our mechanized army following by road he will be driven from Tobruk to Derna, from Derna to Benghazi and from Benghazi to Tripoli. It will be a wretched caravan which starts out on that last 750-mile trek along an exposed coastal road.

Ethiopian Vengeance

When Libya is cleaned up the British may turn their attention to either Ethiopia or the Dodecanese, or both. The Italian force in Ethiopia, believed to number about 100,000, has been described as like "cut flowers in a vase." For half a year now it has had no supplies from home, and the RAF and the South African Air Force have been pounding away at its storehouses, its munition dumps and its gasoline stores. Beyond the single railway from Jibuti to Addis Ababa it would be hard to imagine a country more dependent than Ethiopia on road transport, and hence on gasoline. Small quantities of this, it

is said, are still smuggled in dhows across the Red Sea from the Yemen. The fact that the Army of Ethiopia has been the most aggressive of all the Italian overseas forces, undertaking campaigns in British Somaliland, in Kenya and in the Sudan must have made the gasoline situation all the worse. In Kassala the Italians captured not a mere frontier post, but a provincial capital, which opened their road to Khartoum and Port Sudan, had they but followed up their initial success. Our drive can be expected to re-take Kassala and push straight through to Asmara and Massaua in Eritrea. This distance is only 100 miles and there is a railroad most of the way. This would block the natural line of retreat of the Italians in the central part of Ethiopia, who may be expected to be becoming nervous of native vengeance, with the decay of Italian prestige and the activities of Haile Selassie in the neighboring Sudan.

Italy Shaky

Or if Italy herself has not by then brought an end to the war. With the continued defeat in Albania, the stunning blow in the Western Desert, the renewed attack on the Fleet, the change in command of the Army, Navy and the Dodecanese, and, most of all, the developing doubt and defeatism on the home front, the situation in Italy looks more shaky every day. The radical wing of the Fascist Party, under Farinacci, want to blame the whole trouble on to Badoglio and, presumably, to throw in their lot completely with Germany. But Mussolini, and I think Badoglio, appear to have steadfastly refused to call on Germany or to allow German formations in the country. Anne O'Hare McCormick of the *New York Times* explains that at bottom their war is a defensive one aimed at increasing Italy's power sufficiently so that she can stand off Germany, and insists that the Italian people would regard the admission of German troops to the country as the defeat of everything they have fought for since the days of Mazzini; it would inevitably be the end of Mussolini. The latest goings-on in Vichy suggest that Hitler may be scheming to secure the entry of his troops into North Italy and the seizure of Toulon, Genoa, Spezia, Venice and Trieste, to secure his southern flank from British attack. On the whole, that is perhaps a more likely move for him than the taking over of the whole of Italy and trying to prosecute her wars, the former of which, as I remarked last week, would prove a heavy drain on his own scanty supplies, while the latter he cannot manage effectively without sea power. But the taking over of the Mediterranean bases mentioned above, as well as others in French North Africa if he can get hold of them, he may consider necessary as a means of holding British naval strength in the Mediterranean while he develops the Battle of the Atlantic and contrives still another "final" offensive against the British Isles for next Spring.

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Blood For Britain

BY JESSIE McEWEN

I CAME to New York from Canada with these words in my ears: "Remember, you are going to a neutral country, you who have no neutrality in your mind and heart. And remember, you must have respect for that country's neutrality."

They were wise words spoken to me by a wise Canadian, and yet they were words of unnecessary warning. For I learned that the isolation suggested in them did not exist.

I made the discovery in a great New York hospital. Not in a ward of 'withdrawn' and austere beds, but in a reception room of talkative, not whispering waiters. I gasped when I was ushered in to the room. "All these," I exclaimed, "are they all here to give blood?"

The nurse nodded. So while I waited, I observed and then shared in the buzz of conversation. If I had thought at all of the people who would be at the hospital, I had thought that they would be of British origin chiefly, grieving for the pain and danger of their relatives and friends in the British Isles. The blood, you understand, was being donated to the British Red Cross.

HOW wrong I had been! The first face that emerged from the maze of faces, was fat and rosy and fair. The voice that accompanied it was deep and guttural. "German!" I exclaimed inwardly and so it was. After the pint of blood had been drawn from the arm that belonged to the same human unit as the rosy face and the throaty voice, the man said, "Now me, me, I feel cleaner in mein head and in mein body than I have for many months." He departed jauntily, with the assurance that he would return.

The woman sitting next to me stirred restlessly in her chair. She was a bird-like creature, a little frightened, I thought, and yet eager to participate. Suddenly, she asked me, "What do you think the English will do for the Irish when this war is over?" The ill-concealed belligerency of Dublin was in her tone.

"I don't know," I said. "Perhaps give Ulster to Eire, but that will be the Kilkenny cats over again."

"Maybe," she answered dubiously, "but that's what it should be." She paused, then resumed. "Even if they don't see the light of honesty with Eire, I want them to win, you understand. I want the British to win, and I'm here to say it in blood." Her fragility had left her when she marched valiantly into the surgery.

FOR the next few minutes my attention was engaged by a Finnish youth who said softly, "Last February I gave blood in Finland, in a dug-out and it was sixty below zero. Tonight I give it in New York in comfort." And he laughed. I had no opportunity to ask him more of his experiences, and perhaps it was as well.

It would be impossible to list all the people who were there; College students recently arrived from Iowa and Montana; solemn-faced boys with parents in Oslo; office boys and girls who, perhaps, have never been beyond Manhattan; the cheerful, joking throng of young people that make up a guild in a suburban church (there were to be fifty of them before the evening was over); Jews of many countries, a few Russians, a few English, a few Canadians.

When my turn in the surgery came, I entered with a woman who said she was looking forward to the day when she could visit a town in England called Nottingham.

"Lace curtains?" I said enquiringly, and perhaps flippantly.

"No," she said, "but I'll probably buy some. I want to go because my mother's great grandparents came from there."

These are not isolated scenes. They are repeated nightly in New York when people of great variety gather in hospitals to donate blood that is taken by aeroplane to Great Britain.

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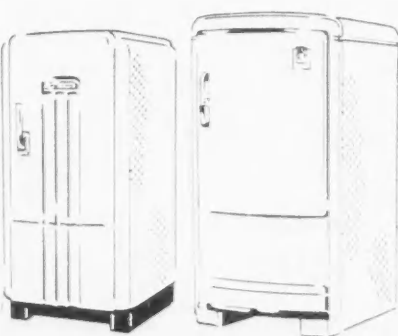


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BOOKS ON THE WAR

Back to Sea Power

SEA POWER, by "T 124," Jonathan Cape, \$2.75.

HOW THE WAR WILL BE WON, by Capt. Bernard Acworth, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 20 cents.

THE NAVY IN ACTION, by Taffrail, Munsion, \$1.50.

WARSHIPS AT A GLANCE, Int. by Francis McMurtrie, Sampson, Low, 35 cents.

"T 124," who is "a well-known writer on naval and military affairs, obliged in this instance to resort to a pen-name," says a lot of things which will do anyone who is seriously thinking about the broad strategy of the war good to read. It will be something new, I think, for the generation which was brought up on the Anglo-French Entente and the defence of the Channel ports to hear it argued that both of these have been very expensive fallacies of British strategy.

Starting with Mahan, "T 124" shows how his classic work influenced the Kaiser to build up a big navy and reap the fruits of sea power; how this German challenge brought a group in the British Cabinet to seek a French alliance, and this in turn led Britain into a continental campaign which drained her resources and manpower so seriously as to nearly ruin her, while making no proportionate contribution to her security. With the energy and the material which she used up in supplying an army of two millions to defend the Channel ports—which had been in the hands of her enemy, France, through countless wars without bringing about Britain's doom—she could have built 625 battleships or 7500 destroyers. But the author claims that with only 500 extra destroyers the Navy could have readily taken care of the additional menace arising out of German occupation of the Channel ports, just as it took care of the menace from

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

German occupation of the Flanders ports all through the war. And Britain could have fought on for eighty years before equalling at sea the casualties she suffered in four years on land!

Planes or Men On Land

At any rate, as "T 124" says, "now we have lost the Channel ports, and it is in process of being demonstrated whether this is such a disaster as the Continentalists have always preached." It may be objected here that the air weapon makes all the difference between the German menace from the Channel coast in this war and the last one. But "T 124" answers this by computing that Britain could have had an additional 6000 first-line planes for the cost of equipping the 400,000-man army which she sent on such a futile mission to the Continent. She still has time to switch her effort from land to air. With the Navy and her present fighter force she writes at the end of June she is quite able to fend off invasion. The bombing of civilians has not won a military decision in Spain, China or Finland, but only stiffens morale. And the raiding of a nation's shipping by an enemy who does not possess surface control has never won a war in history. "We should seek the least bloody way of achieving our object"—which need not necessarily be the complete smashing of Germany. Only twice in her history has Britain achieved such complete victory, yet she has won most of her wars.

This idea of fighting a long but economical naval war was coming into wide acceptance, in Britain, I believe, before the night-bombing of London, Coventry and other cities began. Since then, however, there

has appeared a note of greater urgency, and new appeals to the United States for aid which will end the war more quickly.

The second writer, Captain Acworth, is a man of even stronger opinions. Two among these he has propagated for many years: that Britain should build more and smaller battleships, designed like bulldogs instead of greyhounds—i.e., with the emphasis on armor instead of speed—and fired with British coal instead of foreign oil. In this little booklet he declares downright (apparently in early July) that "the pending German effort against us will expend itself in violence, not victory. . . . An attempt at invasion as a means of defeating our sea power from the land, always a soldier's dream, is one that should be welcomed by a sea-faring nation. . . . But the defeat of a German *Blitzkrieg* against this island, though a shattering blow to the growing legend of German invincibility, will not mean that we have won the war." Which seems to bring us up to the present very nicely.

Where War Will Be Won

Now, how is Britain going to win the war? By keeping her ships on the seas. And the author is quite as much concerned with the export trade going out in these ships as with the supplies coming in, for he believes Britain's economy to be "already in an incomparably worse state than at the conclusion of four years of the last war." It can be built up, however, right in the midst of the war, "but only if we make some drastic changes in (the direction of) our war effort." There is no use Britain thinking she can at the same time build up a great sea power, a great air power and a great land power. She must beware of too great a war effort as of too little a one, and aim at "the maximum military



When bombs began to fall in London one day last week, the drivers of these pantechicons took cover. This's what they saw on "all clear".

effort consistent with our ability to retain command of the sea. . . . This limit cannot be passed without risk of irretrievable disaster." "Yesterday we were engaged with powerful allies in continental warfare. Today we are fighting alone what has become mainly a naval war. . . . We must rearrange our priorities accordingly." First, therefore, must come the Navy, then enough air strength to support our sea power, and finally a very moderate sized army.

Our old friend Taffrail is back again in "The Navy in Action" with a collection of stories of all the great and little naval actions of the war, written with his usual warmth and authority. There are also a half-dozen assorted chapters, each more interesting than the other, from the development of mine warfare to the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the cruise of the German raider *Wolf* on the seven seas from January 1916 to March 1918. In the matter of mines, Taffrail reveals that no ship equipped with a "de-gaussing" electric girdle has yet been sunk by a magnetic mine.

"Warships at a Glance" will, I think, prove a real find for many readers. Within its 38 pages it gives sketches and details of the gun-power, armor and speed of every type of warship built or known to be building for the British, French, German and Italian Navies. It is corrected to mid-summer, and carries the name of the editor of "Jane's Fighting Ships." The *Illustrated London News* has recently brought out a booklet containing a photograph of every ship in the Royal Navy, but I have not yet been able to obtain a copy.

Canadian Aviation for December contains the most complete summary I have yet seen of modern American plane types. The *Canadian Air Force Review* has in recent numbers carried the specifications of all types in the British, German, Italian and U.S. Air Forces.

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Grim commentary on war is this picture from England. The children are orphans. The bombed building is only 10 feet from their dormitory.

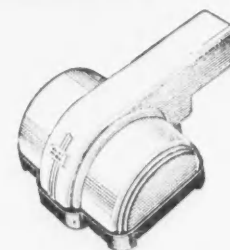
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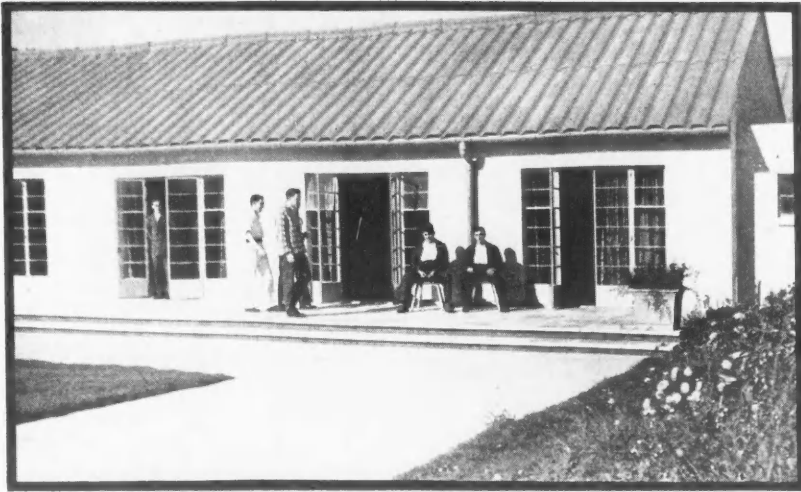
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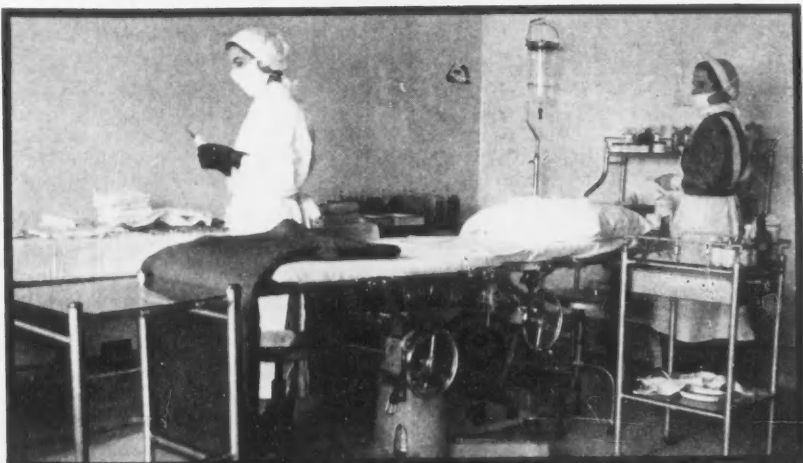
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The New Head of the R.A.F.

BY LESLIE GARDEN

THE name meant little or nothing to most people on this side of the Atlantic when they read a few weeks ago that Sir Charles Portal, D.S.O., M.C., had assumed supreme command of the Royal Air Force. But there is a coterie of Canadians who saw bad news for Germany and Italy in the announcement. To them the appointment of this 47-year-old "offensive-minded" officer was a clear declaration that Britain is preparing herself for large scale aggression. They are the men who fought with Portal and under him during the first Great War as members of the 16th Squadron, Royal Flying Corps.

Canadian officers who had transferred from other units to the R.F.C. constituted 60 per cent of the squadron when it did reconnaissance and bombing duty at Vimy and located targets for the Canadian heavy artillery, then commanded by a keen young officer who was evolving a barrage system that would one day make him famous. He is now Lt. General Andrew McNaughton, Officer Commanding the 7th Corps, which includes the 1st and 2nd Canadian Divisions overseas.

The 16th Squadron numbered several men among its 60 officers who were to survive and win renown. Douglas Reed, author of "Insanity Fair" and keen shooting prophet, was one. For a time the squadron was commanded by E. L. Gossage, now an Air Marshal and recently put in command of the balloon barrage in Britain. His successor in the squadron command was a tall, lean, big-nosed youngster with initials well remembered by Canadians because they also represented Canadian Field Artillery. His surname was Portal.

TWENTY-ONE years old and an Oxford undergraduate when Britain went to war in 1914, Portal put his hobby of motor biking to account and crossed to France as a despatch rider, rank corporal.

Despatch riding offered lots of adventure in those days, but it seemed tame to Portal when he looked skywards and saw the painful birth of a new weapon. By 1915 he was in the air. The planes the Flying Corps flew then were not equipped for high-powered aggression, and pilots used to get into fights with rifles and revolvers. Portal delighted the Canadians with stories of those not distant days. There was the time when he plugged the plane of Immelman, famous German ace, with a Winchester. On another occasion, becoming rather peeved, he pitched his empty revolver at an enemy pilot.

When he joined the 16th Squadron the Canadians merely noticed that another slight, gentle-mannered Englishman had brought an Oxford accent to the mess. But he was no fledgling. He had been through hard fighting in the 2nd Squadron and already had his Military Cross.

A QUIETLY-SPOKEN officer who commands the training centre at Huntingdon, Quebec, is among those who thrilled when he read of C. F. A. Portal's appointment to the supreme Air Force command. Lt. Colonel C. C. Brooks, M.C., was intelligence officer of the 16th Squadron from the fall of 1916 until the Canadian Corps moved to Amiens about a year later. Recently he grew chucklingly reminiscent and picked memories from his recollections of 16th Squadron days.

"We played a good deal of bridge between jobs and we formed what we called the 'Glug Club.' McNaughton was greatly attracted to Portal and came over regularly from his mess to play with us. When he came in one night he laid his revolver on the table, just to get rid of the weight, of course. When we returned the visit, the three of us—Portal, D. J. Nickle, whose father was Attorney-General of Ontario for many years, and myself—one after the other put our guns on the table before we began to play. As we did it each of us gave our host a steady look. He was slightly uncomfortable until we reminded him of what he had done a couple of nights before.

"The squadron's job had been to do reconnaissance and artillery spotting, but we suddenly received orders to do night bombing as well. Portal immediately emerged as a supreme fighter. One night he went up three times and we had difficulty in keeping him from making the fourth trip. I reported his action to headquarters and he got the D.S.O. He certainly deserved it if ever a man did.

"He possessed outstanding qualities of leadership and initiative, and everyone knew that he would never demand anything that he was not prepared to do himself. He had that quality which gets the last ounce out of men and leaves them smiling. Very often McNaughton and I remarked that he would go far if he remained in the air force.

"Until you knew Portal he gave the impression of being a most sedate person, but actually he possessed a tremendous vitality which overflowed in work, play, in song that

was not always of drawing room quality—and in a highly aggressive sense of humor. He never believed in letting life grow stale. For instance, there was that time he asked me to pick up a wire. In my innocence I did it and the whole end of the mess blew up.

SIR CHARLES PORTAL comes of a landed family and his hobby since the motor biking days has been falconry. "No wonder," said Colonel Brooks, commenting on that, "there's something of the falcon in his own make-up, as the Germans are probably finding out by now. He would be a fighting man on land or at sea—you know he studied at both Camberly and the Royal Naval College after the war but he is something more than a man in the air."

"What do you think was his impression of the Canadians in the 16th Squadron?" we asked.

The Colonel blushed. "Well, I should say it was pretty good. The old 16th did some sound work one way and another."

"Time's" Man at Ottawa

BY L. L. L. GOLDEN

The style in which Mr. Golden has written this article does not indicate that Saturday Night has gone Time-ish. It is just the result of an hour spent with "Time's" Ottawa correspondent, who, we have no doubt, talks exactly the way "Time" writes. We feel confident that Mr. Golden will never do it again.

LIGHTS blazed in the third-floor walk-up apartment on Ottawa's Daly Avenue as Millard Fillmore Calhoun, Time's sandy-haired small-shoed bright breezy staffman pounded his portable for Monday's deadline. No tycoon journalist he, but fact-digging newsmen. Beside him sat wife and helpmeet blonde beautiful blue-eyed Betty, studying her French lesson.

Another indication of Canada's importance in the eyes of American readers is the arrival in Ottawa of the resident representative of Henry Luce's publications, which at the moment of writing include Time, Life, Fortune, March of Time, "The Ramparts We Watch," and the Architectural Forum.

"Fill" Calhoun is the third newspaperman sent to cover the Canadian scene by publications across the line. Added to Associated Press' Wade Werner and New York Times' Percy Philip the three of them make the largest number of full-time American newspapermen ever to cover Canada. And there are more coming.

CALHOUN, like most well-read Americans, had a general idea of what Canada was like. But it is of some importance that this American, after learning his way about Ottawa and making trips to various other parts of the country, has been spending a good deal of time reading the Canadian publications and studying what makes Canada tick. Carl Wittke's "History of Canada"; John MacCormac's "Canada: America's Problem"; the Rowell-Sirois Report; "Thirty Acres"; and the Canada Year Book, all have been closely studied. In addition he has sat with senior civil servants, cabinet ministers, all kinds of members and newspapermen until all hours of the morning worrying out the why of things in the Dominion.

Before he is through he will probably have a better picture of what goes on than have a great number of well-informed Canadians. He already understands many of Canada's problems better than some Canadians doing newspaper work in Ottawa right now.

But the most interesting thing about this new associate member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery is his attitude. There is no end to the trouble he will go to to check a fact, to find out what lies behind a story. In his amiable way, with his ever-

present big grin, he has touched on almost everything of importance in his research to learn and know his beat.

Typically American in his aliveness and eagerness, he is young, only 31.

CALHOUN's father's family left Nova Scotia for California in the Gold Rush days, moved north to the State of Washington. Fill was born in the village of Kent, went to public school in Ellensburg, high school in Everett, that place so noted for the IWW riots during the '14-'18 war. Then came the University of Washington and a year and a half on the Seattle Star. Then the Post-Intelligencer in the same town.

In '32-'33 he attended the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism in New York. It didn't make him an all-out School of Journalism man. From New York he hopped to the Phoenix Gazette, in Arizona. From there he did a trick on the paper in Great Bend, Kansas. Then he landed with the United Press in San Francisco. After three years there, doing everything, including the dirty job of overnight manager, he and Mrs. Calhoun decided to take in Europe.

The young couple sailed in June '39 from Vancouver, and then bicycled madly through England, France, Italy and Switzerland in the hope of seeing as much of Europe as possible before Hitler broke loose. Hitler caught up with them while they were in Zurich. Forgetting all about bicycling they took the train from Basle which goes along the Maginot Line in France to Luxembourg and Ostend.

IN ENGLAND Calhoun went to work for Time in the London office during the sit-and-wait period. Last April he was sent to Rome to open a Bureau there and assist two Life photographers to do a picture story of Italy. He heard Mussolini thunder from the balcony as Italy went to war, to a crowd that seemed to think they were setting off on a picnic. On July 3 the Italian government, not relishing something Life had printed about the Italian entrance into the war, asked the bunch of them to leave.

By plane to Spain, to Portugal. In Lisbon at the time it was being flooded with refugees from France. Return to the United States, a vacation in the State of Washington, a month's work in New York, and on to Ottawa where this young couple of gadabouts find the weather very, very cold.

Both Fill Calhoun and his wife are good companions. They are extremely pleasant and both were rather surprised that anyone would want to write about a newspaperman. Ottawa will like them both.

The Victims of the Bombs

This is the last of three articles in which this Toronto writer, long resident in England, describes the destruction by a bomb of the South East Coast home in which she with a number of elderly people had been the paying guests of two sisters whom she terms "the Aunties," and gives a vivid idea of the psychological effect of the experience. In the second article the author's cat was still missing.

AS THE morning had now passed I thought of food. I went to several cafés and lunch rooms. All were closed. Standing in a shopping street, I realized that there was no one in sight. A plane was coming, on and on. It is the same as yesterday's, I told myself. The sensation at such a moment is that the plane has evil intent against one-self alone. Should I lie down on the pavement? I turned, and through the opening between two houses I saw the bomb come down, heard its screech, and saw the furious earth and smoke rising up. I estimated about where it had fallen. Another Post—not the duty of my Post until called upon.

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

But I returned to the Post. The shelter was full of people. The Warden's office was closed. A warden living nearby came with a key and opened it; with me he stood by. There wasn't much to do, only many questions to answer, but the warden did not wish to leave me alone, until others came back from lunch. He said, "My daughter is to be married at 2.30 p.m. I have to change for the wedding." We waited anxiously, wondering what to do. The Spitfire which had brought down the German had passed. About two o'clock my fellow warden left. The wedding took place during the raid, and they had the remains of the breakfast in their dug-out. The hotel where it was to have been held had been severely damaged at the same time as our house the day before.

We had three in all of those lone raiders that day. There were more casualties than the previous day, though it was not heavier in damage. What was to be done? Sirens wail out their call only on command from South Eastern Headquarters. A single raider was seemingly coming

over from France, told to take a little practice on the South East Coast, and nip back for lunch or tea. I could almost hear them being told: "Just hurry over there, kill as many civilians as you can, we'll have your meal ready for you when you come back." There was about ten thousand pounds worth of machinery less over there after that day. Bless that Spitfire. "But if only wardens could blow their whistles," I thought. People at least could get to safety.

I TRIED to cross the road to a small restaurant which was open. I kept dodging across and back again, as alarms were called. I was thankful for my steel helmet. I saw my friend whose husband had been so kind to me the night before. She could not go down to the shelter, she said, because she had Char-Ming, her Pekingese dog, with her. Now Ming is my friend too. I put the little animal under my arm, as I had a covering cape on. We three went inside. While we were sitting in the shelter, my friend put her head on my shoulder, her arm around my neck. She was to have gone away to friends but had hesitated to leave her husband, a Commandant of the Red Cross. I heard her as if talking to herself, she kept saying over and over again: "It is definitely too much—definitely too much."

About two hours later the danger seemed to be over. "I will go with you to your husband's Post," I said. The three of us, a dejected little group, Ming still secure under my arm, went over. The Commandant came forward. He put his hand on his wife's shoulder saying, "I've been trying to find you, our house has been bombed, our part of it is, I believe, fairly unhurt, but the rest of it is almost demolished, we can't go there because of an unexploded bomb."

"I was thinking it was like that all to-day," his wife answered. The quietness of people when it comes!

I saw the Commandant's elderly mother sitting there. She had a flat above in the same house. "I was sitting in my bedroom when it happened," she told me. "And I just saw my spare room disappear." I left them and went back to our home. Ming was all right. Sammy had gone to the home of friends. Why should my Paddy be the only casualty?

AGAIN I entered the deserted house. A policeman asked for my credentials. The punishment is very heavy for looters in the destroyed places. I went in. Where could Paddy be? He should have returned for food by this time, I thought.

Suddenly a little terrified black figure tore down the stairs, looked at the shattered closed door of my room. "Paddy," I cried; "my Paddy!" I picked him up; he had a gash across his nose and face, it was filled with soot. His eyes were wild with terror. He looked at me unseeing. A siren warning was on. I forgot to put on my helmet. With my little covered-with-soot frightened cat, I hurried to the nearest chemist. "Please give me some bromide," I requested. He looked at me curiously, but said nothing, and told an assistant to prepare some bromide in milk. Then he said "You can't give that cat anything, look at his dilated eyes."

Again I thought, "You don't know my Paddy." "Give me the bromide," I said. I opened the corner of the little friend's mouth, as he lay in my arms, and he took the dose without a murmur. I hurried out and over to the Commandant's Post. "Oh Paddy," cried Ming's owner, and then she laughed and said, "If you could see yourself. You've got a black beard!"

Those friends are now in Country too, not far away. For more than a fortnight their house was unapproachable because of that unexploded time bomb.

There was some water in a basin jug when I got back, all mains had been turned off. I washed off the extraneous beard, put Paddy into

a bureau drawer, just a wee bit open, so he couldn't escape, but he was sound asleep. I gathered a suitcase of cement and soot-covered things together and started off for my 'bus to the country. I went into a friend's house to await the all clear at the end of the raid. She gave me a beautiful basket, in which we put the sleeping cat.

I went to the 'bus stopping place and waited with my luggage. A motor drew up near to the curb. "Anyone going to —?" asked a woman's voice, naming the village before the one I was now living in. I joyfully asked if she would take me that far. We put Paddy in his basket on the back seat, and I got in beside her. She told me if I would let her drive to her home, she would take me right to our destination. Her dog jumped in when we started off again. I begged that he might stay on my lap. He was very good but sniffed over my shoulder at the savory-smelling basket behind. At a little aperture too came out the damaged nose of the now awakened Paddy.

We got home, put the sooty little casualty in front of a cheery wood fire. He commenced to clean himself up. Everything was to his liking. Heavenly smells in the kitchen; fish was ready for him. My Paddy ate of it, then curled himself round and went to sleep.

IN THIS country of ever increasing humanity to animals, I have had wonderful offers of help—even telegrams—for my cat. But we are living in nearly an acre of nursery gardens. There are trees to climb, wonderful food three times a day, we have licked our wounds clean, except for a button on the end of our nose, we are nearly as handsome, if not so fat, as in normal times. We smell rats, and are hoping to be useful as so many poor fellows like us have been destroyed. There is lots for us to do. Yes! even the Government says so. But we start when we hear horrid noises. We don't like the sound of broken glass. But missus is there, and a kind lady who sees that the food plates are regularly filled. We wish every animal in the Empire was as content as we are.

We are South East. Along with all the coastal towns down here, we share the passage of those droning 'planes in their monotonous course, on the way to London. We feel safer perhaps in the outlying districts of these towns, but we see the fights better. For that glorious R.A.F. drives those inglorious invaders into the country or out to sea, so as to save our lives. I rushed to my window just now. The engines of the passing plane were so very near in sound. It was a blessed Spitfire. Always I am reminded of fussy terriers. The engine's throb gives us our security. The numerous projecting guns must be the deadly terror of the enemy.

BUT the snoring of those enemy machines! For nights I could get no respite from them, even in peaceful country, because of that dreadful incessant pestilence, on its way to London, or on the return journey to France for more bombs. That beloved France, lost to us for a little while—but which will return as sure as to-day is, to her own beautiful activity. The loveliness of Paris—it must still be there. But for the Napoleonic wars, Paris would not be so lovely, for modern city that it is, with its *Etoiles* and grand avenues, its boulevards and stately buildings, it is the resurrection from those wars. London, in its dear conglomeration and its beautiful old associations, has never had the modern layout of Paris. Now that too will come, sooner than we can perhaps see.

For there is no waiting here. As soon as a raid is over, if you visit the spot, you'll find nearly every bombed householder with a broom in hand, sweeping up the glass. You'll see the demolition squads with pickaxes and other tools, at work on the roads and collected debris. From that it goes right on, up to the heads. The Government created a new Ministry only a few days ago, a Ministry of Building. A new London, a new England, will be the result, with every treasure saved where we can.



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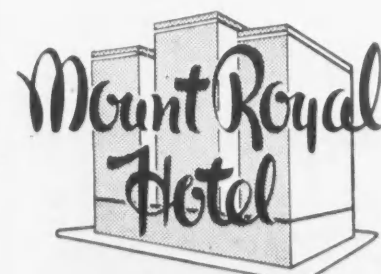
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SCIENCE FRONT

Blame It On Grandpa's Zygotes

BY H. DYSON CARTER

THERE is probably no conversational pickup that rates anywhere near the subject of heredity. Heredity has been known to revive even a faculty tea. You'll find heredity popular for the reason that everybody has it and is only too willing to tell you why yours is inferior. And yet the debates often go wildly astray, because of all the easy reading books that have explained family trees with the glib assurance that science knows all about good and bad inheritance.

This is far from the truth. Quite a number of the world's biological authorities have branded "eugenics" schemes as the rankest scientific frauds. It appears that the Church can now murmur I-told-you-so to those politically minded members of the medical profession who hoped to legislate us all the way to Utopia by means of sterilization laws. According to science in 1940, sterilization is one of the most futile means of eliminating mental and physical defects from the human race. Which brings us to zygotes.

Zygotes are what you and I were before anybody suspected that we were on the way. A zygote is the original cell resulting from fertilization of the ovum. And the fact that astonishes most people is this: the parents of a zygote cannot possibly influence it, nor transmit to it any of their own traits, because every transmissible characteristic of your child was determined before you were born! This is not a late-hour press release from scientific headquarters. It is a soundly established fact. And if it offends your sense of parental omnipotence, remember that you and you alone can determine the inheritance-fate of your grandchildren.

Fitness for What?

Let's sidestep one moment, back to Darwin. Maybe the fundamentalists still argue about evolution, but reasonable people do not doubt that plants and animals have evolved from lower forms. How did the evolving proceed? Lamarck held that changes in body structure came slowly as a result of changed body uses to fit the environment; so far as we now know, such bodily alterations cannot be passed on. Darwin supported the theory of survival of the fittest, with the strongest or fastest or toughest living things gradually eliminating their inferiors; the joke here is that Nature is crowded with inferior plants and animals, while many superior types have vanished. We must note, however, that the hide-bound Darwinites, like Nazi race theorists, have everything on their side. Thus any plant or animal that survives is the fittest. Sow Thistle is "fitter" than Marquis Wheat. If you are not a prairie farmer this idea may appeal to you. There is plenty more like it in "Mein Kampf." As for the scientific view, such concepts as "fit" and "unfit" smack of mysticism and are poor foundations for theory.

Evolution problems tie up closely with heredity problems. It was Weismann's sensational Germ Plasm theory that touched off high explosive under a generation of smug Darwin dogmatists. Weismann decided that our bodies were nothing more than carriers for the reproductive cells. The latter first of all reproduce themselves, and only incidentally the new body. But every detail of that body is determined by the undying Germ Plasm, which perpetuates itself from generation to generation.

In less general terms, the hereditary process is now viewed as something carried on by genes, which are found in chromosomes, which in turn exist inside the reproductive germ cells carried by the body. What are chromosomes and the genes they bear? Very little is known about them. It has been determined experimentally with animals and plants that certain

specific chromosomes are responsible for color, size, body structures, etc., and that interference with these minute particles causes great changes in the following generation. Thus we conclude that evolutionary changes were brought about not by gross influences on the body as a whole, but by primary changes in the minute inheritance cells. Only such changes can be passed on.

Grandpa and Grandma

At this point we come up against Mendel and all the mass of facts about animal and plant breeding. Everyone knows that there are definite statistical "laws" governing the occurrence of black mice, blue tulips and redheaded babies. These hereditary laws are a combination of what we know about chromosomes plus the laws of chance. To give a redheaded son, the zygote from which the baby started must have a special set of chromosomes derived from both parents' germ cells. And two factors are important here. First, each parent has germ cells with widely differing chromosome make-up, hence children of almost any hair color are possible. Second, those sets of chromosomes (fixing the child's inherited characteristics) were defined by the two grandpas and two grandmas. It is quite unscientific to attempt to eliminate dull witted children by sterilizing dull witted parents. The laws of averages and chromosomes cannot be interfered with unless we are prepared to eliminate Edisons, Beethovens and Tennysons along with the unfortunates. G. B. Shaw put this neatly, when he replied to the streamlined actress who proposed that he co-operate with her to give the world a child with the actress's superb body and G.B.'s super mind. Shaw said, "But if the child had my body and your mind!"

It is true that a few mental and physical defects might be reduced in the course of centuries by world-wide sterilization programs. Many well meaning doctors and social workers have hopelessly confused the issue by throwing overboard science as well as religious objection. The fundamental problem in human heredity is today political: Who is to decide to eliminate whom? It is not so long a stride from sterilizing wretched victims of disease and poverty to sterilizing wretched Frenchmen and Jews and Scots because they inherited the wrong culture.

Directing Evolution

Science does offer two great hopes for improving the race. There is the prohibition of marriage for couples with definitely established "matching" defects. And there is the far away dream of understanding our chromosomes sufficiently to eliminate the worst and preserve the best. Until recently this latter was pure speculation. But now we have Colchicine.

Colchicine is a drug extracted from the meadow saffron. It has the power to bring about amazing changes in plant chromosomes. There is no relation between the experiments on colchicine and such matters as plant vitamins and hormones. Discovery of the effects of colchicine is a milepost in biological advancement, because this is the first stuff that has shown any controllable influence on the infinitely small germs of heredity.

Painted on seeds or on the growing tips of plants, colchicine causes doubling of the number of chromosomes in the reproductive units. The following generation of plants shows astonishing alterations, principally increased size. The next generation can likewise be drastically changed. While most of the effects are negative, useless, or fatal, experiments have already produced huge straw-

berries, wonderfully luscious apples and frost resistant wheats. These new varieties of plants reproduce themselves without further treatment.

And this, of course, is no less than deliberately directing the course of evolution, compressing the work of fifty thousand years into two laboratory seasons. In addition, colchicine makes hybrids, formerly sterile, capable of reproduction. Nature rarely achieved this. If wheat can be crossed with arctic grasses, what will

happen to agricultural geography?

In the world's biological laboratories there is a state of high dramatic tension. Colchicine doesn't work for animal chromosomes. Some other drug must. Is there a chemical waiting to breed elephantine cows with hundred gallon udders? Is there another that will do things to the human zygote? Maybe. Meanwhile we wait for pineapple groves in Toronto and palm trees on Lake Winnipeg. Which is a merry scientific thought for your Merry Christmas!

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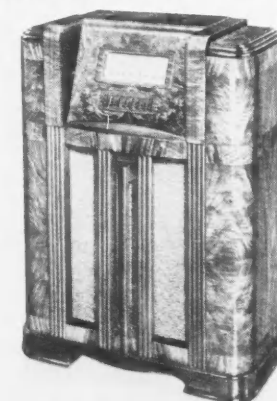
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

An Imperial War Cabinet Might Help

COORDINATION between the various Dominions in the Empire is one of the essentials of the successful prosecution of the war. There are at present a great number of liaison men acting between the various Dominions and London, but there seems to be still much to be desired in the effective co-operation between the Dominions and the British cabinet.

Since the outbreak of the war the following have gone to England for consultation: the Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Resources; the

BY POLITICUS

Hon. the late Norman Rogers, then Minister of National Defence; the Hon. J. G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture and National War Services; Col. the Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence, and the Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply.

There is nothing like the men in charge of the heavy duty in the Government putting their feet under the same table as the people with whom they are working in the same

cause. The trips have had a great deal of use, and they were found necessary by the men themselves, or they would not have gone on these dangerous ocean voyages. Might then not the setting up of an Imperial War Cabinet make matters easier for all parties concerned, by having a Canadian cabinet minister sit with his British colleagues when policy is decided?

There have been frequent changes of mind on the part of those in London on just what is needed, if what one is told in Ottawa is the case. There has been a lack of complete understanding between the parties concerned as to what Canada's contribution should be and where it can be most effectively made.

Borden's Experience

A reading of the relevant portions of the memoirs of Sir Robert Borden, who was prime minister during the last war, makes it clear that he thought that since Canada was making an important contribution in the war the Dominion should be represented in the making of policy.

Here is a part of one of his letters to Sir George Perley, written on January 4, 1916: "It can hardly be expected that we shall put 400,000 or 500,000 men in the field and willingly accept the position of having no voice and receiving no more consideration than if we were toy automata." And later in the same letter Sir Robert says: "Procrastination, indecision, inertia, doubt, hesitation and many other undesirable qualities have made themselves entirely too conspicuous in this War."

And on page 666 of the same volume Sir Robert has this to say on his visit to England and the cabinet at which the Dominions were represented: "An amazing development had been initiated by Lloyd George shortly after his accession to the premiership. He had virtually answered the appeal or challenge of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1897: 'If you want our aid, call us to your councils.' The emergency of the Empire's fierce struggle kindled into flame the imagination, courage and initiative which Lloyd George possessed in so remarkable a degree. Under his leadership, Britain called the Empire to her council. For the first time the Mother Country and the Dominions met in the great inquest of the Commonwealth which, for convenience, was designated as a Cabinet. In that Cabinet, Great Britain presided, but the Dominions met her on equal terms. Britain was *primus inter pares*."

Constitutional Anomaly

A. B. Keith, in his *The British Cabinet System, 1830-1938*, says on page 159: "One purpose, however, was usefully served by the decision to invite the Dominion Prime Ministers to take part when in England for the Imperial War Conferences of 1917 and 1918, in meetings of the War Cabinet. These meetings served to give the Dominions the feeling that in determining the great issues of the war, they were not being ignored. The Dominion Governments had placed their forces at the disposal of the British Government, so far as their navies and their overseas contingents were concerned, and except for the device of the War Cabinet they might have resented their position of being without control of the mode in which their units were employed. The Cabinet thus enlarged was, of course, wholly anomalous. It was, as Sir R. Borden, Premier of Canada, declared, a Cabinet of Governments in which there was no Prime Minister in the true sense, for all the Prime Ministers were equal in status, each owing allegiance to his own Parliament. All decisions were thus subject to approval, and if approved to execution by each Government, but the situation was simplified by the fact that the British

War Cabinet members, being in full control of the Dominion forces, could act at once on any decision agreed to as to the conduct of the war, for the Dominions, in handing over control of their forces, necessarily left to the British Government the decision how they were to be used. It was not necessary, therefore, that decisions on these heads should be dealt with in Dominion Parliaments."

The Present Problem

What an Imperial War Cabinet would work out like today can only be a guess. Yet it seems there is much that can be done so that Canada and the rest of the Dominions can best pull their weight if there is a member from each of the Dominions on such an Imperial Cabinet.

There have been approaches made to date by the British Government. One of Canada's ministers who was in London was asked what would be thought of the formation of such a cabinet in Canada. Of course that minister was in no position to make a decision. But this time it appears as if the shoe is on the other foot. And if Canada, as the senior Dominion, feels it will help co-ordination of the effort of the various parts of the Empire in this war, there is very little doubt that Britain would gladly come along.

Whatever Canada does in that respect will naturally be of great importance and is probably receiving the most careful consideration. But if it will help out the liaison work and the better carrying on of the war to its successful conclusion any consideration of future status might well be forgotten. For in this time of stress there can only be one question that Canadians must face: how can the immediate cause, of defeating the enemy, be best served?



Yves Lamontagne, appointed to new post of Director of Commercial Relations, has had varied experience.

Trade Promoter

BY WILBUR WALLACE

IN THE greatly increased activity of the Department of Trade and Commerce which will inevitably result from the reorganization of that section of the national service under the Hon. James A. MacKinnon there will be no more active participant than Yves Lamontagne, who was appointed to the newly created post of Director of Commercial Relations. The setting up of this branch is generally taken to imply that there is going to be a much more active effort for the negotiation of trade agreements and the advancement of Canadian commerce (both in-bound and out-bound) by direct inter-governmental arrangements than has been the case in the past; and indeed in the new kind of world that we are going to live in henceforth such a change would appear inevitable. Mr. Lamontagne will have charge, under the direct supervision of the Deputy Minister, of the work pertaining to Canada's commercial relations with other nations, and particularly of the negotiation of trade agreements. He is Canada's former Commercial Attaché at Brussels until he was forced to evacuate the Belgian capital in

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May of this year, since which time he has been serving as representative of the Department of Trade and Commerce on the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

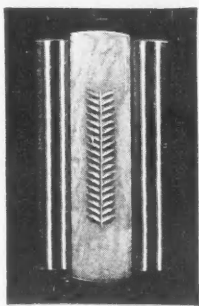
Belonging to an old French-Canadian family of high culture, Mr. Lamontagne is 46 years old, and graduated from McGill University in 1915 as Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. He then served for a long period in the last war, and on returning in 1919 joined a firm of industrial engineers in Montreal, and later the Public Works Service of that city. He was appointed a Junior Trade Commissioner on January 3, 1923, and in November 1924, was promoted to the position of Assistant Trade Commissioner in Brussels, becoming a full Trade Commissioner a year later. He spent the summer of 1925 representing the Department of Trade and Commerce at the Wembley Empire Exhibition. For a period of three years from November 1927, Mr. Lamontagne was loaned to the Egyptian Government and was one of three Commissioners appointed to prepare a new Customs Tariff for that country. Following the conclusion of this work he rejoined the Commercial Intelligence Service and opened the Trade Commissioner office at Cairo at the end of 1930. In July, 1936, he was transferred to Brussels, where he became Commercial Attaché in May 1939.

To assist Mr. Lamontagne in carrying out his new duties another position has been created of Assistant Director of Commercial Relations and Mr. Greig B. Smith, at present Executive Assistant, Commercial Intelligence Service, is transferred to the new position.

Rittenhouse

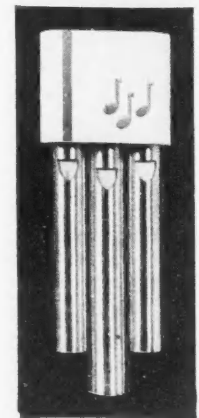
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THE BOOKSHELF

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Gold Star for Miss Cather

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, by Willa Cather. Ryerson Press. \$3.00.

WILLA CATHER is one of the few living novelists whose work has genuine distinction. First of all, her stories are always the outcome of long reflection, excision and rejection; her plots are never botched or hurried. Next, she writes with economy. She can say more in her three hundred pages than most novelists can say in a great Monster Polypheme of a novel which tires the reader's wrist and stuns his senses. Last, she has a fine literary style, not precious or idiosyncratic, but beautifully adapted to the expression of her particular type of thought.

These three virtues are apparent in this, her latest work. It is an unalloyed pleasure to read this book, and I recommend it without reserve to anyone who enjoys a good novel. The adjective is chosen advisedly; this is not a 'great' book, for there are not usually more than half a score of great books written in a century, but it is a 'good' book—that is, a book which is entirely satisfactory to the reader, and completely successful in what it undertakes.

The story is of life in Virginia just before the American Civil War, and of the relation between masters and slaves. The gulf which separated them in conduct and feeling appears to have been less great than some writers have led us to believe. The slave girl is Nancy, a handsome mulatto, whose Mistress, Sapphira Colbert, plots her ruin. Why, and with



Willa Cather, author of *Sapphira and the Slave Girl*.

what success, you will discover when you read the book.

Admirers of Miss Cather's work will find this a less moving tale than some of her others, but there are compensations for this lack. The book has a charm and a quality which put it in a class, among this year's books, with Thomas Mann's "The Beloved Returns" and Franz Werfel's "Embezzled Heaven." You will enjoy this book, and you will read it often.

are French who say "Sacred Name" and "thousand thunders," and some are English, who say "my sainted aunt" and "blast you" when they are angry. They also make a point of carrying the Oxford Book of English Verse and the Complete Short Stories of Somerset Maugham in their knapsacks. There are lovely French girls, very alluring but perfectly moral, who are on terms of delightful comradeship with the English officers. Perhaps it was these girls who made the book unsuitable for serial publication in *Chums*. This is the author's 37th book and he seems to be getting near the bottom of the barrel.

For Anglers

BY B. K. SANDWELL

Why does fishing tend to the production of good literature and hunting only to—well, never mind. There is, of course "Soapy Sponge" as a counterweight to Izaak Walton, but what has the hunting Canadian to put up against the "Brown Waters" of the late W. H. Blake? Lord Tweedsmuir, a great angler, and a great adept in anglers' literature, is now on record with a preface to both fishing classics, the English and the Canadian, the former done some years ago in the World's Classics, the latter this winter in the new edition with color plates by Clarence Gagnon (Macmillan \$5). It is a lovely book and the plates are unusually delicate in coloring, but the

writing is still the great thing. If we were all fishermen there would be no race problem in Canada—but of course that would mean that we should all be gentlemen too, in the proper sense. The last paragraph of the book is, like many others, a rich tribute to the Quebec *habitant*. "You will travel far to find a people who bear greater goodwill to their fellow-men, or are readier to show it in speech and act."

For Children

CAPITAN, by Lucy Herndon Crockett. Oxford. \$2.25.

A very good book for twelve year olds, this. It is the life-story of an Army mule, told by itself; as always in these cases, Capitán is a dumb Galahad, *sans peur et sans reproche*. These exploitations of the Pathetic Fallacy are a little nauseous for adults, but children love sticky sweets. The author, who is the daughter of a distinguished American soldier, has illustrated the book gaily herself.

LAND OF THE GOOD SHADOWS, by Heluiz Chandler Washburne. McClelland & Stewart. \$3.75.

This is the very thing for your young daughter. It is the life history of Anauta, an Eskimo woman, as told to Mrs. Washburne. It is most entertaining and has a vast amount of authentic detail about Eskimo life. Though written with a missionary-like desire to edify, it is still an excellent story.

Godliness and Uncleanliness

BY CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX

SLAVA BOHU, by J. F. C. Wright. Thomas Nelson. \$3.75.

AN ERSTWHILE newspaper reporter on the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix* and organizer for the Farmer-Labor party in Saskatchewan has provided a most vivid and thorough history of the Doukhobors from the time when they enter Russian history to the confusion in their ranks following the death of Peter Petrovich Verigin in Canada on February 11, 1939.

"Slava Bohu"—the traditional Russian greeting "Praise God"—is not only the history of a unique and bizarre sect which settled in Canada, but it is an interesting addition to the material necessary for an understanding of sectarianism as such. As a result of the author's long and painstaking researches, it is now clear that the "simplicity in Christ" of the Doukhobors was too often obscured by a slyness and deceit which were in part the defensive armor of a sect with a persecution complex, and in part the deliberate policy of unscrupulous leaders jealous of their power and anxious to keep their "subjects" dependent upon their oracles. Had the government employed men like Mr. Wright years ago to make such an unofficial study, instead of designating royal commissioners, Canada might have been saved thousands of dollars, to say nothing of thousands of headaches.

Peter Vasilivich Verigin had some admirable qualities. Deeply influenced by Tolstoi, he tried to provide for his people the answers to the persistent problem which harassed Tolstoi: "What to Do?" But his son, who announced that he was Chestakov, or the "purger," was "a travesty of both divinity and ordinary human decency." He hit people with his fists, gambled away at cards huge sums of money which he had wrung out of his followers, ate meat, drank vodka and smoked tobacco when Doukhobors were vegetarians and professed abstainers from both liquor and tobacco. He injected obscene stories into his interpretations

of the New Testament, ranted and raved, cursed and swore at his followers, who defended such antics on the ground that thus he was deceiving the government and preventing them from knowing that he was the Christ! A fairly good disguise, if disguise were needed! He called all and sundry "sukinsin" which is, being interpreted, the male offspring of a lady-dog, and he often seemed to act like one himself. With such leadership, the spiritual and political confusion of his followers was inevitable. It would be interesting to know how far they accepted his authority because communalism in property placed the hostages for their obedience in his hand, and how far such subservience to leadership is essentially Slavie.

Mr. Wright has rendered an invaluable service by writing this book when he was still able to secure from the lips of the old-timers details of their life in Russia and their early days in Canada. It is a fascinating narrative, well-told and highly readable, and throws a flood of light on one of the most eccentric if industrious peoples to seek a new life in the Dominion.

Bungle

SONS OF THE OTHERS, by Philip Gibbs. Ryerson. \$2.50.

THIS book attempts a great theme, and bungles it. The story is of the B.E.F. in France, who, after months of waiting, were forced by the fury of the Blitzkrieg and the treachery of the King of the Belgians, to retreat to Dunkirk. It is a story which demands the utmost of a great writer, and Philip Gibbs, who is nothing of the kind, has treated it in his usual sentimental manner and has made a mess of it. He cannot be excused; Dunkirk is already a matter of pride with us, and we will not condone this attempt of a mediocre novelist to make money out of it.

On this gigantic stage the author has scattered a few pygmies; some

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THE BOOKSHELF

Hormones for the Muse

THE FLYING BULL, by Watson Kirkconnell. Oxford. \$1.50.

PROFESSOR KIRKCONNELL has made an interesting and worthy addition to the body of Canadian poetry. The word 'worthy' is not used in any patronizing sense, but in genuine compliment, for he has attempted to do something which is new in our poetry and which is always difficult; he has attempted to write in a Canadian vernacular. It must be admitted that he has not been wholly successful in his attempt, but that will not prevent his work from having a strong influence on the art of poetry in this country. Professor Kirkconnell has attempted to free us from the bonds of a peculiar form of poetic diction, a hollow, portentous sound like the honk of a wild goose, which afflicts Canadian verse; although he may not be a poet of distinction, he is a liberator to whom we must be grateful; he knows what we need, even if he cannot give it to us himself.

The feelings of a poet may be expressed adequately either in a diction peculiar to himself, as was the

case with the Neo-Classical poets of the eighteenth century, or in an elevated form of vernacular speech, as with the Elizabethans and some of the Romantics. But poetic thought cannot survive the kind of advertising-agency English in which most of our Canadians versifiers express themselves, the notable exception being Professor Pratt. They lisp, and think in numbers, but oh, with what a tinny ring the numbers come! Professor Kirkconnell strikes a blow for Canadian verse in our own vernacular speech, raised to the level of poetic expression.

"The Flying Bull" is a series of

seventeen tales in verse, told by travellers who find themselves snow-bound at an hotel in a mid-western Canadian town. The stories are, in the main, excellent, and the book makes pleasantly entertaining reading.

If the author has failed to make his Canadians convincing, it is partly our own fault. As yet we are a nation without any clear national character, except that we are gloomy without being melancholy, and urban without being urbane. Only time can alter this condition. But Professor Kirkconnell is not sufficiently skilful in the management of his verse to give much variation of speech to his travellers or to avoid an appearance of having tortured his lines here and there to make them scan. But I hope it has been made amply clear that we needed such an attempt as this for the enfranchisement of Canadian poetry, and we are grateful for it. This will bear fruit.

Caprices of Fate

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE TIDE OF FORTUNE: Twelve Historical Miniatures by Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Macmillan's. \$3.25.

STEFAN ZWEIG is the author of several biographical studies which have commanded wide attention, among which his monographs on

Erasmus, Fouché and Marie Antoinette are notable. His present work is of the same order as that splendid series, now apparently forgotten, Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects." He has a rare gift of generalization, and in this volume has been fortunate in his translators.

The Pauls write with far more distinction and precision than most contemporaries who essay such a task.

The scope of "The Tide of Fortune" is almost as comprehensive as it could be. It does not begin with Adam, but with the assassination of Cicero in B.C. 43, and brings us down to Lenin and Woodrow Wilson. Zweig is, I understand, one of a host of German intellectuals persecuted by the Nazis, and one strongly suspects that the story of the murder of the liberal statesman and philosopher, Cicero, is intended as a parable inspired by present conditions in Europe. It is the best chapter in the book, and Zweig clearly enunciates his belief that dictators inevitably attempt to destroy thinkers.

The miniatures dealing with the Fall of Constantinople in 1453, and Balboa's Discovery of the Pacific are deeply fascinating, because the circumstances are unfamiliar to most readers. At a time when we read every day of new devices in warfare, details of how the resourceful Sultan Mahmud devised methods of his own on the shores of the Bosphorus, have especial import. Zweig's contribution to the innumerable essays on the Battle of Waterloo adds little to our knowledge.

His account of Woodrow Wilson's "failure" at Versailles is altogether too rhapsodical. He seems to assume that in 1919 Central Europe was full of obscure idealists looking for a savior. In reality, what Wilson failed to understand was that in political ideas, whatever their achievements in arts and crafts, the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe were, and are, centuries behind English speaking nations. Bismarck showed no spiritual advance over the bloodier Plantagenet Kings, and Hitler is a sport back to the dark ages. To assume that the millions who are now the raw material of Nazi power, could have been converted to civilized concepts over-night is making undue demands on credulity.

Gallimaufry

IF YOU are one of those steely souls who likes his reading to keep his mind right on the Present Crisis, you will be particularly lucky this Christmas; Santa has a fine large selection of bugaboos to drop into your stocking. Some of these books are very good indeed. If you like to hear J. B. Priestley in the Britain Speaks broadcasts from the B.B.C., you may want to have his talks in a collected form. You can get them from Macmillan for \$2.75 and they make re-assuring reading. The title is simply "Britain Speaks," which we think a little cheeky of Mr. Priestley. Less interesting but still good, is Robert Westerby's modestly titled "Voice From England," which Collins publish at \$2.25. It is an excellent analysis of the problems which confront an intelligent and humane young man when he is faced with the fact of war. It is too bad that the publishers saw fit to print this book in a facsimile of typescript, which makes it tiring to read. But best of all of this lot, in my opinion, was Noel Streatfeild's unpretentious novel "The Winter Is Past." It tells the story of an English family during the first six months of the war, and contrives to say more about the English than Mr. Westerby in his earnest soul-searchings or Mr. Priestley in his pachydermatous grumblings.

FOR readers who like a generous dose of sentiment, of a superior kind, Phyllis Bottome has written "The Heart of A Child," which Thomas Allen sells for \$2.00. Miss Bottome is a novelist of established reputation, and the many readers who enjoy her works will want to have this one. It is of a convenient size and price to make a last minute Christmas gift.

GOLFERS will appreciate "Life Is Sweet, Brother," which is the autobiography of Bernard Darwin, the London Times golf correspondent. It also contains some interesting reminiscences of Augustine Birrell and a most charming chapter on life in the little Welsh town of Aberdovey in the '80's of the last century. Collins publish his book at \$3.50.



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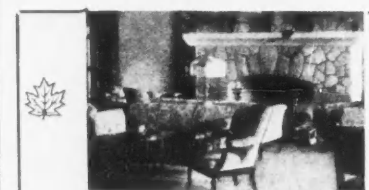
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THE BOOKSHELF

Last Words and Hard Knocks

HERE are several books which seemed to me to merit attention before Christmas, but which have not been reviewed in previous issues of this paper. The notices which follow are necessarily short, and are not always laudatory, but it completes our list of supposedly important books published this Christmas.

FOREIGN DEVILS IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM, by Carl Crow. Mussions. \$4.00.

This is a well-written, witty, and informative book. The author has lived in China for many years, and he gives an amusing account of the metamorphoses which overcome the Occidental dweller there; most of the changes seem to be markedly for the better.

Mr. Crow appears to be that most delightful and civilized of all human beings, a really educated and cultivated American. Consequently his strictures on American visitors to China have a point which no citizen of another country could give them. His shame when a visiting party of American Congressmen stole all the silver chopsticks at a party given for them by the Mayor of Shanghai is expressed with restraint, but it bites deep.

This book would make an excellent Christmas gift, for its spirit and content are festive and recreative.

COME WHAT MAY, by Arnold Lunn. Collins. \$4.00.

Although his publishers describe him as 'well-known', I had not previously heard of Mr. Lunn. But it seems that he is an expert on skiing, and wrote the first de-bunking novel about English Public Schools. From his book he appears to be a pleasant gentleman of wide interests and of unusual ideas, without being extraordinary in either of these respects. His book makes good reading, and people who do know about him will be glad to have it.

MORE THAN I SHOULD, by Faith Compton Mackenzie. Collins. \$4.00.

This is the second installment of Mrs. Mackenzie's autobiography; the first was called *As Much As I Dare*. Now these titles are simply coy nonsense. Mrs. Mackenzie says nothing about anybody or anything which is of the least value or interest, and this is not because she withholds what she knows, because she is not the sort of person who ever knows anything valuable or interesting about anybody or anything. She has known a great many people superficially, and her book is peppered with great names, but she reduces them all to her own level of pretentious mediocrity. This book is a melodrama in which the author and her husband, 'Monty', the novelist, have the roles of hero and heroine; about these two over-played characters circle the Lawrences, the Brett Youngs, Axel Munthe, and Norman Douglas, like the Barrymores supporting Shirley Temple in a more than usually exasperating film.

Pugnacious Cherub

BY L. L. GOLDEN

WINSTON CHURCHILL, by René Kraus. Longmans, Green. \$4.00.

IT IS difficult for an admirer of Churchill to review even a biography of him without holding tight to prevent a wild panegyric from rushing off the typewriter. But there is so much in the life of one man, so much that has happened to one person to pound, mould and fashion him to the position where he, more than any other individual in the Empire, is responsible for the fight against darkness, that the least occasion can't help but bring an ooze of praise.

In Kraus' 'Churchill' there is a good deal of his early life that is particularly interesting because it is not well known. Everyone knows of

THIS IS MY OWN, by Rockwell Kent. Collins. \$4.50.

Mr. Kent has been known for many years as a vigorous and muscular draughtsman; he has now produced a book full of vigorous, muscular writing. Reading it, I fought injustice in every quarter of the globe side by side with Mr. Kent; cheek by jowl we sauced corrupt railway officials and hand to hand we wrote nasty notes to the Dies Committee. By the time I got to the last page I was very tired and completely muscle-bound, though Mr. Kent was shouting and raging still. If you would like a handsome, lavishly illustrated book by a chauvinistic artist with a bellicose literary style, here is a Christmas treat for you.

HARBOUR OF THE SUN, by Max Miller. McClelland & Stewart. \$4.00.

This is the history of the harbour or San Diego, and is a volume in the Seaport Series. The book is expensively produced and illustrated, and the story which it has to tell is a most thrilling one, but it is written in a happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss style which halves its effectiveness. Are there no authors any more who revise their manuscripts? Or do they mistake this slovenliness for easy charm?

THE ILLINOIS, by James Gray. Oxford. \$3.00.

This is a volume in the Rivers of America Series, published under the general editorship of Stephen Vincent Benét. With the history of the Illinois Mr. Gray imparts some interesting information about early exploration and Indian life in that district. The material is well presented, and the book should be of interest to historians.

I SPEAK FOR MYSELF, by Edwin Francis Edgett. Macmillan. \$3.50.

For forty years Mr. Edgett was literature and drama editor of the *Boston Transcript*. This book is a series of jottings about his experience during that time. Considering the number of brilliant and famous people whom Mr. Edgett has known, the book is strangely dull, and Mr. Edgett himself fails to emerge from the pages at all. The effect is that of listening to an uncommunicative ghost who has led a rather sheltered life. Perhaps Mr. Edgett did not work hard enough over his book; I worked hard over it, but to no purpose.

EYE WITNESS, by Members of the Overseas Press Club of America. Longmans. \$3.50.

Here is a book for lovers of good journalism who do not care too much about good English. Twenty-three foreign correspondents have contributed brief articles on a variety of subjects, most of them, inevitably, connected with war. The reader is given a fine thrill of immediacy, but feels no desire to read the book more than once.

the fighter, the writer, the bricklayer, the artist, the parliamentarian, the scorned and the uplifted, the man of so many parts. But here is also the young lad who could never learn Latin, who could never pass examinations in mathematics, who could never get to the University. The sickly child, the second lieutenant, correspondent who wrote pieces in the papers criticizing the work of the brass hats, the son of a Tory democrat and an American mother the real Empire man all combine to give that lift to one on whom we all depend so much.


It is not that the Kraus book is good, but that Churchill tells himself and any story about him must have



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AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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the élan that the man himself possesses. But it does put within covers a short story of a great man, and as such is worthwhile reading.

To those who have always maintained that one could never be a master of English unless one were well-grounded in Latin this paragraph from the book ought to be of particular interest:

"Of course they tried to introduce

him by means of the cane to the beauties of the classical world. Once when he was thrashed too roughly he kicked the headmaster's hat to pieces. They beat him again. He was impertinent, stubborn, sulky. Why the child even stole. Flogging again. His naughtiness became legendary."

If you feel down at the mouth at the trend of the news of bombings in Britain there can be no better

stimulation and cheer than a reading of the Kraus work. It made one reader at least feel much better.

WE HAVE on hand "Everyman's Book," which is the popular report of the British and Foreign Bible Society; if you are interested in the work of this organization you may have the report by applying to them.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Letter From England

BY ELSPETH HUXLEY

A LITTLE while back my maid, whipping up a lather for Monday's wash, remarked: "The war's got into the soap-flakes now." The flakes were a darker color, she thought—though they seemed to lather just as well.

Well, now the war's got into a lot of things besides the soap-flakes. The stockings and underwear, notably. No more silk stockings after

December 1st. No more silk underwear, either. No denying it brought us all up with a jerk. I suppose silk stockings are a fairly modern invention really—grandmother didn't have them, or even mother in her young day, very likely—but they've become so much a normal fixture these days that it's hard to imagine life without them.

Our first reaction was the obvious

one. Lines of women formed up behind the silk stocking counters in the stores next morning. In our local town the lines overflowed on to the street. Stocks, they tell us, are big, and I daresay it will be a long time before our calves have to do without that silken sheen. How long does silk keep? That's a question women have been asking. I have been passing on a tip given me by a friend who lives in West Africa. There, stockings—any kind of silk—rot in a month if you just leave them in a drawer. She puts her stockings in an airtight jar or tin—an old glass jar such as some kinds of candy come in, does well—seals up the container, and the stockings keep for years.

The second reaction is more intriguing. If you can't get one thing you'll use another—that's a law of nature, more or less. We are going to have some new and exciting stockings and underwear made of other materials—mainly wool.

Already I've seen a night dress featured "for Winter brides"—hand-knit in the lightest, laciest kind of wool, in a lovely rose shetland with blue satin ribbons; as dainty as you could imagine, and more than that, warm. Quite a point these days, when a dash to the shelter—or out into the street if the worst comes to the worst—is a possibility we all have to reckon with.

Stocking Revolution

Already there's been a show of woollen stockings for winter. That sounds so thick and heavy, fine for a country hike and for nothing else... but not these stockings. There were the heavy sort, too, of course—very much in demand these days. But also some as light as silk, fine and clinging—done in all sorts of fancy weaves, so that they really are decorative as well as comfortable and warm.

And gay rumors are going round that there's going to be a stocking revolution. For years now we've grown accustomed to wearing just one color in stockings—a hundred different shades and tones, but basically one color, a muddy sort of tan. This has become so much of a habit it's hard to think of stockings as being possible in other colors—scarlet and apple green, lemon yellow and orange, powder blue and purple.

Rumor says that this is just what we are going to do. Launch out into stockings in every color under the sun. Perhaps it is a sort of kick against the general drabness that is apt to come over wartime life, the blackout and the absence of gay evening clothes. Think how gay a street would look with red, green, yellow, blue legs going up and down it! Of course, this is only a rumor so far. I haven't seen any of these startling affairs. We must wait and see.

True or not, one thing is certain: that war does bring out the adaptability of people, their power to improvise. Leaving aside the big adaptations so many have had to make—East End cockneys having to settle down in country villages, bombed-out families making a home in the subway, communal feeding in place of the cherished British family meals, and so on—here is a small example I noticed this week in London.

Street Art

Many shops have had their windows blown out, as you know. (It's the blast after the explosion that does it.) There are streets now where very few of those big plate-glass windows are left. First thing you do, if your store windows go is to have them boarded up with light plywood. Generally you leave a small opening in the middle through which people can peer at one example of your wares.

Then there's all this space left around the opening—bare plywood, which isn't very beautiful. Someone had a bright idea. He had examples of his goods painted on the plywood... very bright and gay it looked too, others saw, and copied. When I walked along a famous shopping street in London last week there was hardly a bare bit of plywood left. Slim, attractive girls in the most alluring coats and dresses

were marching across the windows—in paint. Boots and shoes looked a dozen times more interesting than in real life, painted on the boards. Even pots and pans, towels and handkerchiefs, made a gay design.

Better still, you could watch these masterpieces coming to life. There was a girl on a ladder, palette in hand, painting a frieze of children romping across the shop window in woolly suits—she was so fascinating to watch I got behind in my shopping. A little further on a man with a beard was perched on a piece of scaffolding—a real artist, one felt. It isn't often one can see them at their craft. You'd be surprised, now, to see how gay the bombed streets look, with pictures on so many of the boarded windows. Inside, of course, business as usual is the order of the day.

Life in the Shelters

This idea of brightening up the rather strange make-shift arrangements many of us have had to make is spreading. Take shelters now. This new shelter life is a queer thing. In no time at all shelter dwellers have formed little groups of "regulars," who go to the same bunk or mattress every night, know each other, and quickly develop a regular routine. Talk up to a certain time, then one of the number makes a cup of tea all round (they take it in turns to bring the tea,) then silence and sleep. A few months ago they were total strangers, but now, quite spontaneously, they're a little community on their own. And they resent the intrusion of strangers stare at them rather coldly, as if they'd gaterashed a party. Yet it's a public shelter, anyone can go in.

Sometimes they try to brighten the shelter. I've even heard of people hanging wallpaper to make it look more cheerful! It certainly does, but the wallpaper doesn't last. However, some of the wardens' posts have been fixed up with wallpaper and furniture and look like a club.

Shelter libraries have been started—all the people who use the shelter bring what books they can, pool them. Shelter entertainments are beginning. Small concert parties are going round to the bigger shelters; a man with a concertina, a comic-song artist, perhaps a couple of cross-talk comedians. Community singing goes over best of all.

Latest contribution to shelter life is made by the L.C.C., the great body that governs and educates London. They've offered to send a teacher—free of charge—to any shelter that asks for one. Almost any kind of a teacher. The shelter-dwellers may want to take up a foreign language. Right, the LCC sends a teacher—French, German, Spanish, Russian, anything they like. Or it might be literature, history or civics. If it's music, the LCC will even send a piano—provided the other members of the shelter don't object. The only condition is that the teacher should be put up in the shelter for the night.

Tips and Tea

Then there are all sorts of tips being passed round for keeping warm and fed. In small private shelters, the most popular home-made device so far is a heater made from two flower-pots and a candle. You stick the lighted candle inside one flower-pot, invert the other pot and put it on top of the first, rim to rim. The hole in the bottom of the flower-pot lets the smoke and air out.

In a short time the pots heat up to a surprising degree. They act like a little brazier. Some women put a half-filled kettle on top. They say it heats the kettle so much they can boil the water up in no time when the "all clear" goes, and it's time for the morning cup of tea.

Arrangements for brewing tea, by the way, are the first necessity in any shelter. There's been such a run on primus stoves you can't buy them anymore. Shelters run by firms generally have small canteens installed, where you can buy a mug of tea for a penny and something hot, like sausages, pies or hot dogs.

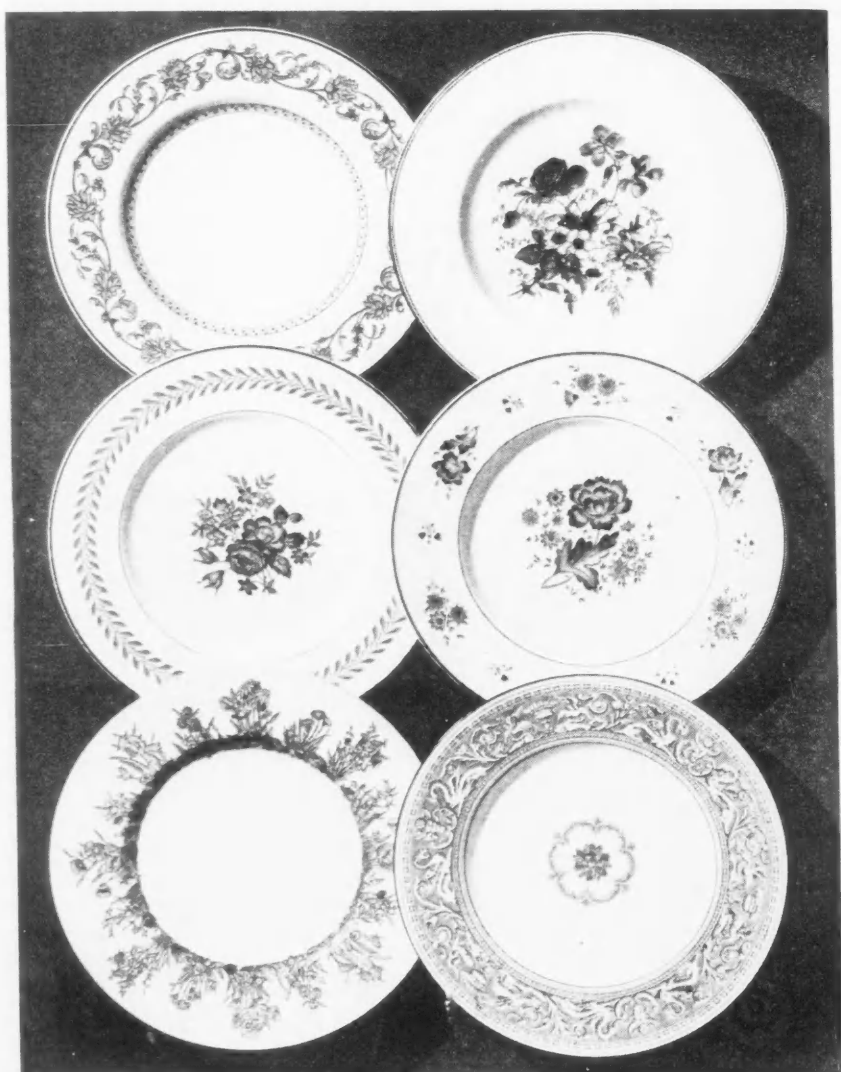
It's a queer existence, this shelter life, but people are settling down to it as though community sleeping in a cellar or tunnel were the natural

order of things. The privacy of home life has been the British tradition and habit for centuries. Now it's gone overboard in a few weeks. Communal feeding, communal sleeping, communal living are the order of the day. ("Central eating," as the cockneys call communal meals!)

And women are playing a big part in all this, particularly in organizing canteen services to the shelter-dwellers. London school-teachers, their charges evacuated, are working twelve and fourteen hours a day—and every day—cooking and serving meals from make-shift kitchens to bombed-out mothers, workers who've been left behind at their jobs while their families go away. Mobile canteens, driven and operated by women volunteers, tour the shelters at dusk and dawn to bring hot food and tea to the occupants. The W.V.S. (The Women's Voluntary Services, with three-quarters of a million members) and the Women's Legion set up canteens in any odd corner they can find, in school buildings, halls, and shops, all without pay, often with a considerable element of

(Continued on Page 21)

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WORLD OF WOMEN

The Gifted Child

BY BERNICE COFFEY

THE other day some chickens came home to roost with a vengeance.

Eighteen years after psychologists stamped them as child "geniuses" at the ages of 7, 8 and 9, twenty young men and women appeared at Columbia University's Teachers College to tell what had happened in the interim. The conference, by the way, was being held in honor of Dr. Leta S. Hollingworth, a pioneer in the field of gifted children.

As a group their early indications of genius do not appear to have added greatly to their happiness or contentment. Their chief complaint was that in their early years they were regarded as freaks and guinea pigs and that quick wits and scholastic brilliance required them to spend their school years with their elders.

One young man who, for obvious reasons, wished to remain anonymous, confessed that he had no high regard for his mentality. "I've decided that I don't belong among the people who deserve to be trained for leadership. Don't think I'm a moron, but I feel that I'm just a high-grade mediocrity. So I've quit my job and I'm joining the air force." An unjust reflection on the air force if we ever heard one.

Others complained that gifted children are subjects of social segregation once they leave the segregated group. "If they try to pursue their interests they are called grinds and apple-polishers. They have to try for low grades if they want their classmates to treat them as equals."

Apparently the teachers present at the meeting found themselves confronted with a situation beyond their scope—if one is to judge by their suggestions for coping with the unhappy state of the gifted child.

Everyone was unanimous in agreeing that efforts to educate intellectually superior children for democratic leadership must be pressed in these crucial times. Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, author of the Thorndike



Quilted comfort in a lounging robe of white crepe with narrow bindings of gold. The wide circular skirt sweeps to the floor at back. From Holt Renfrew & Company, Ltd.

intelligence test, went so far as to suggest it could be solved by the establishment of State asylums for

the gifted just as there are asylums for the feeble-minded. Dr. Rudolph Pintner said the Federal census should include an intelligence test. No one seems to have suggested what to do later when the gifted child had, presumably, become a gifted adult.

From here it looks as though the presence in the family of what is suspected to be "a gifted child" will come to be regarded in much the same manner as today's attitude toward the backward child—something not to be discussed openly.

It seems to us that genius—like the trillium—thrives best in its natural state and does not take kindly to forcing.

In the meantime and until the psychologists pull themselves together after this latest blow, we suppose the world will have to continue to find its leaders in the old haphazard way among ordinary people who have not had to bear the heavy responsibility of being geniuses since the age of seven. People such as Winston Churchill, for instance, who admits his teachers taught him English in despair at his inability to learn anything else.

Tea-Time

Mary Borden, the famous writer of historical novels, has seen history from quite a different angle during these last few months, writes Nora Eastwood from London. In private life Mary Borden is Mrs. E. L. Spears, and quite early in the war she went out to France with the Hadfield-Spears Field Hospital and served with the French Fourth Army. After many adventures during the great retreat, a British cruiser took Mrs. Spears and her party aboard at Bordeaux.

Safely back in England the first thing she did was to offer the services of herself and her unit to General de Gaulle. In less than twenty-four hours she had opened a canteen in London, and later another one in the country. There she and her helpers served tea, cakes, cigarettes, etc., to the French troops, and have gone on doing so. They are rather surprised at the demand for tea from French soldiers, who have developed a pronounced liking for the national drink of England. But perhaps it is not so very surprising—as some of them said, they had never tasted real tea before.

Among those helping Mrs. Spears are the Hon. Mrs. Henley, the late Lord Sheffield's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, and several girls married to soldiers in the Free French Forces. Three nurses are in attendance too, and there is a library of French books of which Mrs. Spears takes charge herself.

Letter from England

(Continued from Page 20)

danger. (Three members of the Women's Legion were killed the other day, serving in a canteen.)

Actress Wanted

Here is a true canteen story. A party of travelling entertainers was going out in a car to tour some of the big shelters—all actors and actresses, once used to the West-end stage, now content with the bare floor of a cellar, their audience packed like sardines around them.

They stopped at the Y.M.C.A. Canteen for a snack before starting out. One of their number hadn't turned up. They asked whether any of the girls serving in the kitchen—all volunteers—had any acting experience, if so whether she'd like to come along to make up the team. Word came up from the kitchen that a girl there would be ready to knock off washing dishes and come along.

As it turned out, the original member of the team turned up and the kitchen volunteer wasn't needed after all. She went right on washing dishes. As they drove off, the head of the entertainment team said, "By the way, what was that girl's name, in case we ever need anyone in a hurry?" It was Edith Evans, the world-famous actress—one of the half-dozen top-ranking performers on London's pre-war West End stage.



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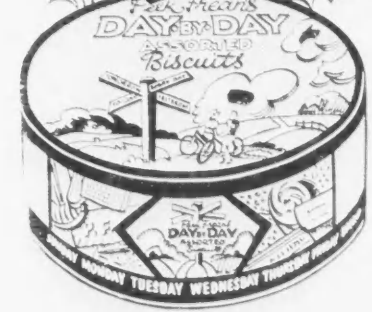
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Track! Silhouetted against wintry sky the skier wears a white quilted taffeta jacket. Coat, hood and knapsack are lined in red taffeta. Grey ski trousers are of English gabardine. From Hudson's Bay Company.

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LONDON, ENGLAND

DRESSING TABLE

Appointment With the Sun

BY ISABEL MORGAN

THE usual hegira of Canadians going south at the beginning of 1941 will be considerably smaller this year, but for those who decide to keep their annual appointment with the sun in the sterling areas, the question of what to wear is important. Most of these travellers will shop in Canada before their departure and perhaps add to their wardrobes later with purchases of English goods in Bermuda or Nassau. Canadians can take only an academic interest in New York fashions for the south, but news of them serves as a guide-post to what well-dressed women will be wearing.

Perhaps it was the bitter experience of last season when so many people nearly froze in the Southern resorts and couldn't find enough warm clothes in the shops to stop

their shiverings that has influenced the proportion of wool clothes to be found in all the Southern resort shops this winter. No one is going to be caught unprepared this year. Wool is the thing for daytime, evening and the beach.

Every woman going South is including wool sports dresses, sweaters, extra coats, casual daytime dresses, and swim suits in her wardrobe.

Last week the Bureau of Fashion Trends presented a Lord & Taylor collection of "Wool-North and South" at a luncheon showing at the Savoy Plaza in New York. For the South there was a charming travel costume of a tailored pale gray two piece suit topped by a honey yellow angora coat with draped back and four large pockets. It's a perfect



Front view of the Grecian coiffure.

coat for casual wear over daytime dresses light in weight and color, with just the amount of warmth needed at the ocean or while driving.

There were delightful casual dresses in pastel wools—important "musts" for every Southbound wardrobe. A new ribbed angora jersey in pastel blue was a hit because of its texture interest, lovely color, and simple style—a short sleeved dress with high round neck, bodice softness and slightly flared skirt. There was a smooth classic one piece dress in petal rose wool gabardine—the only trimming self saddle stitching on the belt. Washable yellow flannel with a white pin stripe made the perfect golf dress. A white wool jersey dress in dirndl style was young and gay, worn with a big red hat. The newest casual dress was a printed sheer wool brightly colored field flowers on a beige ground—the dress softly fashioned with side seam pockets in the flared skirt.

For sailing and yachting, the longer length shorts in navy flannel were presented worn with a long-sleeved torso length pullover sweater in white wool chenille worn over the shorts. A bead and braid nautical emblem embroidered on one sleeve was a smart note.

The long torso woolknit jacket



A crown of pearls holds some curls.

which has brass buttons trimming its roomy pockets was shown in flash red with white flannel slacks—extremely smart and extremely comfortable.

Nine woolknit bathing suits were a feature of this show—new in texture, silhouette, and design—and supplied nine good reasons for the new popularity of wool suits for the beach.

Adorable hand knit tops were combined with beautiful wool gabardine shorts in these suits. One in blue-bonnet blue had a sweater bra and matching gabardine shorts. Another was a hand knit diminutive bra of baby pink wool with shorts in the same color, the waistband hand knitted to match the bra. The third suit was a one-piece model with front attached hand knit diamond shaped bra of white wool and shorts of pure wool gabardine.

A demure bloomer suit with lastex waistband and square neck, shown in navy, finely ribbed woolknit, introduced a charming new silhouette,

especially good for the small, young figure.

Another new and flattering silhouette in swim suits was the tunic suit presented in a brown and white accordion striped model, knitted of very fine wool yarn. The tunic with the stripes used vertically has a square neckline banded in white.

The classic, practical swim suits have newness in texture and improvement in figure control this season. Basket stitches, monotone stripes, alternating ribbing and puff stitches are new textures. One new classic suit has a surplice neckline which cleverly adjusts to any bust.



—And the swirled back treatment.

line. Another has a zipper closing at the V neckline so the bra top can be adjusted to varying figures. The princess silhouette appears in light-weight woolknit suits—one a smart red and white diagonal stripe with separate panties of plain red woolknit. The princess suit is especially slenderizing for the heavier figures.

Head First

Fashion creators always have an eye on the news and in all history there has never been greater beauty inspiration than from Greece. The group of pictures on this page shows how this has been adapted by modern designers. The photographs, reading from left to right:

(a) This new coiffure displays sculptured curls at the temple. Above them the hair is bound about the head and brushed to the smoothness of jet and the crown is circled with a lacquered braid. The sculptured motif is repeated in the diamond ear clip. Again the ancient Grecian motif is repeated in the diamond laurel leaves of the bracelet after a pattern taken from an ancient frieze.

(b) Another view of the Grecian coiffure of austere and classic elegance.

(c) A crown of curls is held in place by twin feather clips. The soft color of the lips matches the shade of the nail polish. Her ermine coat has a youthful blouse collar, and she carries an Elizabeth Arden fitted evening bag of gold brocade.

(d) The mature woman wears a stately and sophisticated swirled coiffure with the back set in a smooth swirl continuing the sweep from the front. A pearl and diamond pussywillow spray holds it in place. She wears ear clips, round diamond buckles and a bracelet of pearl beads.



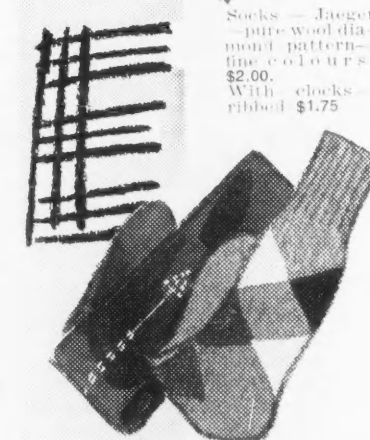
Stately coiffure for mature beauty.

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and
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gifts

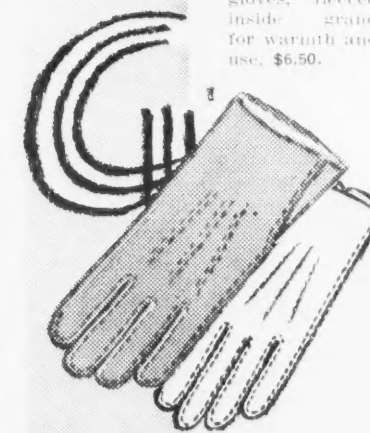
Scarfs in pure cashmere—ancient tartan colours—\$6.50. In pure silk riding design—\$5.00.



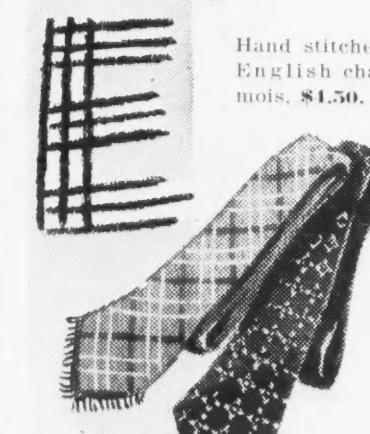
Socks—Jaeger—pure wool diamond pattern—fine colours—\$2.00. With clocks—ribbed—\$1.75.



Lamb's skin gloves, fleeced inside—grand for warmth and use—\$6.50.



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ries pegged in brilliants and clasped with diamond leaves. All the coiffures are by Elizabeth Arden, and are shown through the courtesy of her Salon at Simpson's in Toronto.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Christmas And All That

BY ALEX PHARE

SPEAKING about this Christmas business, only yesterday I heard a very young friend of mine holding a conversation over the telephone. Apparently an invitation was under discussion, because what I heard at my end was "Oh, but couldn't you hold your party on some other night... Elsie and I will both be sick in bed the day after Christmas!" Perhaps all of you are pretty sick of Christmas already—I've noticed a disposition towards that sort of thing among parents at this time of year... less than half the shopping done, and all the bills still to come in... and all that... by the way, Christmas is 7 days away, or 2 shopping days... but Christmas is the subject of this article, so what can you and I do about it!

The very first Yuletide... that's a refreshing change from the other word, isn't it... the very first Yuletide celebrations were started by heathens. Yes, that's right, the people they send missionaries to. Also quite a few people who could do with a bit of missionary work, but don't get it! As early as two thousand years B.C. which, of course, means Before Christmas—there lived a cult of sun worshippers called the Aryans. An Aryan is the opposite of a Barb-aryan. These poor heathens in their darkness began to make something out of this time of year, and our Christmas celebrations nowadays are the direct result. Personally, I think it's about time the missionaries called around again.

The modern Christmas, as we know it, is a festival lasting for three days; December 24th, on which we do our Christmas shopping early; December 25th, on which we give a great many thoughtfully selected and very choice gifts, receiving very little indeed in return; and December 26th, on which we ask the person nearest to us to pass the bicarbonate of soda and tell everybody what a very Merry Christmas we had. Days of getting, regretting and forgetting, in short. Apparently, we are not the strong men our forefathers were, for it was Chaucer, I think, who referred to the festive season as "twelve dayes madnesse." Imagine



Snowy white ermine, most regal of all the furs for winter evenings, is seen here in a three-quarter length coat with wide bracelet-length sleeves and simple lines.

twelve days of that sort of thing! And yet they called it Merrie England!

It was also Chaucer who gave us the name Christmas, which he believed was a religious ceremony. You have probably seen pictures of Chaucer—a tall distinguished man with trousers creased down the sides, rather like Turkish cigarettes. Reference to Chaucer brings us, very naturally, to the subject of Christmas cards, because they were invented before his time.

Our early ancestors carved their seasonable greetings on a large piece of flat rock. This could not be mailed in the nearest mail box, be-

cause it was over the regular size and weight, and also because there were no mail boxes and no postmen. So Mr. Caveman hoisted his card on his massive fur-clad shoulders (his own fur, of course) staggered around to his best pal's house, and laid it on the doorstep. If there wasn't a doorstep, the Christmas card served the same purpose very well instead, and so was left there until next Christmas. Hence our modern doormats with "Welcome" and other greetings on them.

It was Christmas cards that gave King Ethelred the Unready the name which he has borne all through history. Although Ethelred was an early Anglo-Saxon, he had a late Scotto-English dislike of wasting his good money on Christmas cards. For weeks before Christmas, his wife, the Queen, kept saying to him, "Have you bought the Christmas cards yet?", and Ethelred would reply, "I am going to order them today, my dear." The result was that on Christmas Eve he and the Queen had to dash around to the nearest 5 and 10 and rake through the tray of 50 cards to see whether there were any that looked like ten-centers. Needless to say, there were none, and that is why he was called "the Unready."

I really don't know why I am telling you all this, but the festival of Christmas itself is immensely old, and we actually owe most of our present day Christmas to the early Britons. Winter in early Britain was a rather dismal time, in which there was no place to go, because the roads were covered with snow, and so there was nothing for the early Britons to do but stay home and multiply. This was very difficult and confusing, because multiplication tables had not then been invented.

In fact, when you come to think of it, neither tables nor chairs had been invented at this time, and they sat on the floor, and from this habit called the god to whom winter was sacred by the name of Saturn. Very mild winters like this one were made sacred to Thor. At mid-winter, which in the Druid language was called the "solstice," they also gave feasts to celebrate the fact that winter was half over. I told you just now that multiplication had not been invented at that time, so you will not be surprised to hear that subtraction had not been invented either. For many years they went on celebrating the fact that winter was half over before subtraction was invented, and then they found out that there was still half of it to come. This annoyed the ancient Britons intensely, and was the origin of the heathen Christmas.

Romans Take a Hand

When the Romans converted Britain—which as you know from your history books, they did by having a talking sparrow fly through a banquet hall making a lousy Latin pun as it went—they tried to abolish Christmas. This was not a success, since no Englishman ever abolishes anything. He merely spends the next 300 years getting it modified by acts of Parliament, after which time it has become a hereditary right, and then, of course, nothing on earth could persuade him to part with it. So the Romans made this winter feast a Christian ceremony, just by saying that it was, and the English went on exactly as they had always done.

As for mistletoe, if anybody is still with me, the Druids held it in very high regard, and worshipped it during the winter time because there was so little else to worship at this time of year. The god of sunshine, whose name was Balder, according to mythology was killed by an arrow made of mistletoe. So apparently they used it as a decoration and as a missile too. In course of time, it became quite the custom to kiss any young thing found under the mistletoe, if she were attractive, and to pretend not to see the mistletoe hanging from the chandelier if she were not up to much. Nowadays, of course, any young thing that has to depend on mistletoe for little passing attentions is in a pretty bad way.

The custom of kissing under the mistletoe, which was supposed to be very lucky, and did not always turn out to be, if you happened to be caught at it by the wrong people, died out about the same time that

homemade gin was invented. This could be obtained all the year round, serving the purpose even better.

Boxing Day

In England the day after Christmas is called Boxing Day. This is because on the day after Christmas we gather up all the empty boxes that the Christmas presents came in and save them thriftily for next year. Each year, of course, we find that last year's boxes won't fit anything that we have this year, but we

go on saving them just the same.

Another good old Christmas custom, now unfortunately out of date, also goes back to the Druids, who at this time of year, killed a boar to the goddess Freya, after whom our day of the week Friday, is named. For many, many years, the custom persisted of eating a boar's head on Christmas. It seems too bad that this custom has been done away with, because after all, there are so many bores, aren't there? Which reminds me, I really must be going now. Merry Christmas!

Mrs. Glum and Mrs. Glad



1. MRS. GLAD: Good morning, Mrs. Glum! A lovely day, isn't it?

MRS. GLUM: Doesn't look so good to me. Wouldn't be surprised to see it rain.



2. MRS. GLAD: It's great to be alive on days like this! I feel simply grand.

MRS. GLUM: Not me, Mrs. Glad! I've got so many troubles! First it's this and then it's that. And now I have to take those old purgatives all the time. It's terrible!



3. MRS. GLAD: (at the grocer's a few minutes later) Mrs. Glum, here's something I want you to try. Did you ever think of preventing constipation instead of trying to "cure" it after it happens? We all need a special kind of food called "bulk." You may not be getting all you should. If so, eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly, drink plenty of water, and you'll go right to the cause of the trouble!

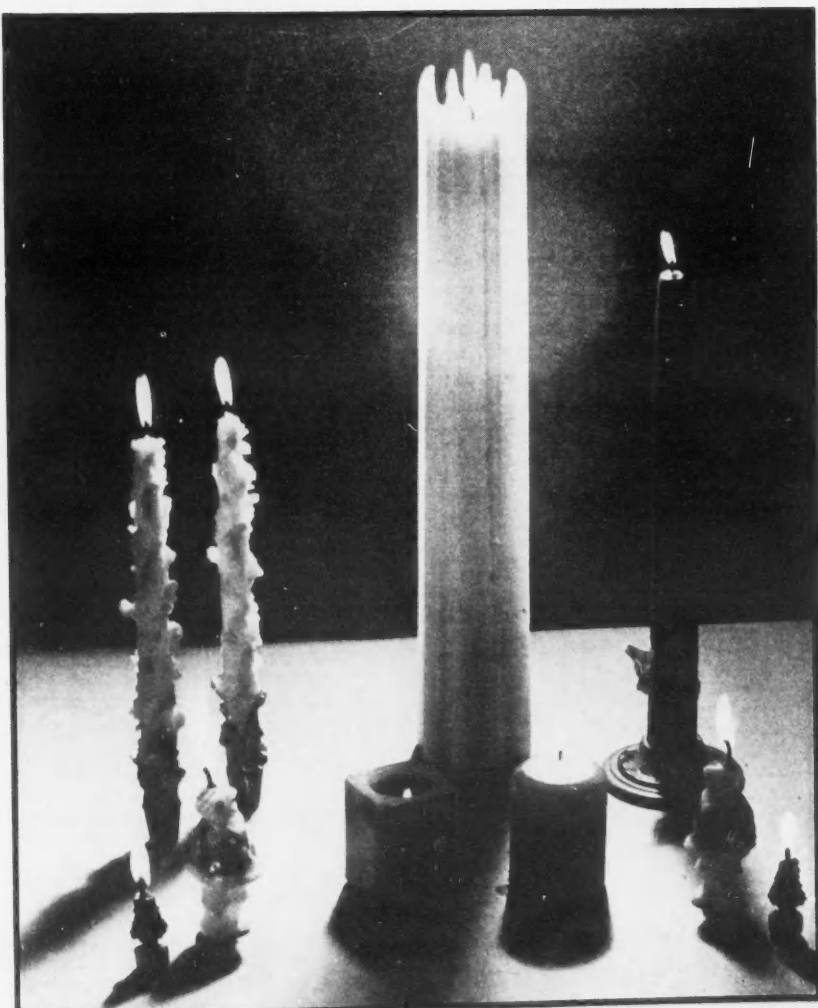


4. LITTLE AGATHA GLUM: (some time later) Mummy sent you these flowers, Mrs. Glad. She said you did her the nicest favour. And she feels like a million dollars. Oh, yes!—and she said to tell you she's "joined the Regulars!"

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Byrd in Modern Guise

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AT THE concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra last week the past was linked with the present in a most fascinating way by a Suite of airs by William Byrd (1543-1623) arranged for modern orchestra by the brilliant English composer Gordon Jacob (1895). The career of Byrd, greatest of all the Tudor composers, is fascinating to contemplate. He was more than twenty years older than Shakespeare and outlived him by eight years. He died in the year that the First Folio of the poet's collected plays was published, and the records of the Chapel Royal, where he had served for 54 years, entitle him "Father of Musick." He lived under five English sovereigns, four Tudors and the first Stuart. Through all the religious turmoils that marked his period, he serenely pursued his art. Born a Roman Catholic he remained so until his death. The hue and cry against that religion left him unscathed, a circumstance that can only be attributed to the fact that both Elizabeth and James I regarded him as too fine a genius to be molested. His polyphonic choral works are rated equal to those of his contemporaries, Palestrina and Vittoria, and he wrote much secular music.

The latter phase is beautifully revived in Gordon Jacob's Suite. The three airs are from the Cambridge "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book," a collection of 300 pieces by various hands composed for the immediate ancestor of the harpsichord. They are delicious tunes, a Marche, a Pavane, and a descriptive piece, "The Bells," one of the earliest in which a composer tried to imitate the effects of the carillon. The Suite was completed in 1939, and Mr. Jacob's exquisite mastery of orchestral scoring is evident throughout. He preserves the pristine graces of the originals, and intimately clothes them with all the hues of the modern orchestral fabric. The joyous Finale of the Bell movement gave him a glorious opportunity.

Sir Ernest MacMillan's interpretation was glowing and beautiful, and on a parity with Beecham's rendering of the Handel "Faithful Shepherd" Suite a fortnight previously.

The guest soloist was the Canadian tenor Joseph Victor Laderoute,

recognized both in Canada and the United States as one of the rising singers of the day. The pure, lyrical, even quality of his intonation was demonstrated in three works, any one of which is a test of excellence. Mr. Laderoute's early training was ecclesiastical and he was at his best in Handel's great aria "Deeper and Deeper Still." The ease of his production was also demonstrated in Gighi's favorite number, the Aubade from Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," but there was a lack of requisite joyousness. Beethoven's "Adelaide" was a lovely outpouring of tone, but not sufficiently fervent.

World Famous Organist

The chief event of this season's series of organ recitals by the Casavant Society, at Eaton Auditorium was the appearance on December 14 of the veteran and world famous French organist and composer Joseph Elie Bonnet. He is a native of Bordeaux and a pupil of Guilmant, and was for many years organist of the Church of St. Eustache, Paris. He is supreme in the art of registration; and his playing is marked by fluent singing quality, compelling power, and refined emotional feeling. He played several of his own compositions, a Berceuse, an imaginative study entitled "Ariel," and a colorful "Rhapsodie Catalane," embracing a unique pedal cadenza. Of historic interest was a "Cancion Religiosa" by the blind Spanish composer, Cabezón, who was organist to Emperor Charles V. and who, though he lived 200 years previously, has been called the "Spanish Bach." Another item was an Offertory by Andre Raison who immediately preceded Bach.

For Young Composers

It is good news that the Canadian Performing Right Society has decided to continue its annual scholarship competition for young native composers, despite the fact that war conditions have become more strenuous during the present year. Plans for the fourth of these events, which will close on March 1, 1941, have been completed. Three years ago

when the plan was inaugurated it was purely tentative, but the response throughout Canada was so decisive that it was decided to make it permanent. At that time war was not generally anticipated, and the crucial test came last winter. The general quality of entries then submitted showed so marked an advance in quality as to indicate that the war had stimulated, rather than diminished, creative effort.

The initiative of the President of C.P.R.S., Henry T. Jamieson, who in the autumn of 1937 conceived the plan, seems to have come at the "psychological moment," and started a movement which has extended beyond the scope of the competition itself. Original compositions by Canadians are appearing on radio and concert programs with ever increasing frequency. The national aspect is obvious, because in the roster of scholarship and prize winners since the competition began, seven of the nine provinces have been represented. The contest is limited to entrants under 22 on March 1 next, and aspirants are required to submit two MSS, one of which should be a song. As usual the major award will be a scholarship (value \$750) at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and three cash awards of \$50 each. For 1941 a Junior Division open to competitors under 16 on March 31 has been added, with three cash prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 in order of merit. This is a result of a suggestion by the late Constance Boulton, who was long a member of the Toronto Board of Education and took deep interest in music in the schools. Those desiring to compete should at once write for application forms and copies of the rules to the head office of the Canadian Performing Right Society, Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

Musical Notes and News

Maria Markan, the most eminent of Icelandic singers, was heard in a broadcast over the national network from Vancouver, on December 8. She had recently come from Australia, where she has been on an extended tour. She is a lyric soprano who has sung leading operatic roles in Great Britain and all Scandinavian countries. Her repertoire is extensive and includes songs in ten different languages.

The late Col. T. B. Richardson, M.D., who died in Toronto recently, was an enthusiastic amateur musician. He was responsible for the introduction of "O Canada," now sung everywhere, to Toronto listeners. He was an active member of the Mendelssohn Choir in the hey-day of the late A. S. Vogt and over thirty years ago he made a translation of Routhier's verses and a choral arrangement of Lavallée's music for use by the Choir. It was sung at Massey Hall in the season of 1907, when the vast majority of the audience heard it for the first time. Dr. Richardson's most extraordinary achievement was that of having made on short notice an orchestral arrangement, though he had never attempted such a task before. This was on request of the famous conductor Emil Paur, who supposed him to be a "Mus. Doc" instead of a medical doctor.

Brian Doherty, the well-known Canadian dramatist, has written a new Air Force song entitled "Up We Go" which has been set to music in brisk rhythmical style by Dorothy Watkins.

The Montreal Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Douglas Clark, on December 17 began a sequence of three Tuesday night broadcasts over the national network. They are heard from 10 to 11 p.m. E.D.T. during the cessation of broadcasting by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal. Dr. Clark is a conductor of high distinction and has an admirable body under his baton.

Dr. John Murray Gibbon of Montreal, is busy preparing another series of broadcasts of the same order as "Canadian Mosaic" and "New World Ballads." It will be known as "Bonds of Song" and will embrace lyrics from all sections of the British Commonwealth of Nations. They will have gifted interpreters; Frances James, soprano, William Morton, tenor and Louis Crerar, pianist.

THE CAMERA

Taking a Hobby Seriously

BY "JAY"

IT IS undeniable that the hobby of photography is an exacting one, that is if the full benefits are to be enjoyed. The physical and mental values are limited only by the ambition of the hobbyist, and the same can be said of the educational and cultural. I am a member of the Pictographers Society, a group of professional men, twenty in number, who have made the terms of membership autocritically exacting in order that each shall enjoy to the utmost all that photography gives.

We are agreed that the making of negatives and salon prints are but means to an end, and the ownership of a print, on the back of which a dozen or more salon exhibition certificates are stuck, does not necessarily mean that this end has been achieved. Some of us believe that the hobby of collecting these certificates can become strong enough to overshadow the very hobby—photography—which must be more or less mastered before submitting a picture for the approval of the salon judges.

Well, then, what is this end? Let me quote from an advertisement I saw in the current issue of a photographic magazine: "Have you a negative suggesting salon possibilities? Then send it to us and we will make you a salon print, properly mounted, and win for you everlasting fame." As they say on the radio, "end of quote."

Each member of the Pictographers must own his own darkroom and be the sole producer of his own work. He can, and does seek advice through the presentation of his prints for club criticism, and he must present at least one print each month for this purpose.

Amateurs I hesitate to call them amateurs who rely on the Services of D. and P. firms are wholly and

totally ignorant of what photography really means. I have no quarrel with these firms; their real service is a good one, and from their tanks and contact printers have come many inspirations. But, there can be no sense of personal ownership, no personal pride, and certainly no everlasting fame in a salon print born in a D. and P. house. "But," the amateur will say, "I saw the picture, I worked out the correct angle, I made the correct exposure, and I selected the right filter. These," he will continue, "are the real essentials, the means by which this negative was made. The D. and P. house simply carried on from there, made a straight 11 by 14 bromide, mounted it and I added the title and signature." Then he will turn the picture over, display the salon certificates, and say, "These represent the end of any amateur's ambitions, and surely such an end justifies the means."

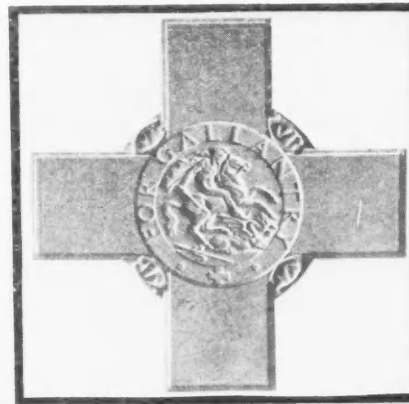
The Four Benefits

Pretty strong argument, but in the beginning of this story I mentioned four benefits obtained from the hobby of photography viz: Physical, mental, educational and cultural. Now if our amateur spent an hour, a day, or a week out in the fresh air, wandering from place to place to find this picture, he certainly acquired the first of these four; and, in the process of working out the essentials he exercised his mental faculties, but not so much as he might have, had he carried the picture right through. He may have touched a little on the educational and the cultural, but again only slightly, for it is in the darkroom, that holy of holies for amateurs, where these last three benefits are fully acquired.

It is here where the amateur finds full scope for his personal expressions. Remember he carries into this room a negative, a negative that is negative of all else but the permanent record of something seen. The real picture which will ultimately emerge from this room is in the mind of the worker. How he makes that picture, how he finally presents what he has made, and how well that presentation will be received by friends and judges will give full expression of the mental, educational and cultural benefits of the hobby of photography. The picture he holds is his own, the awards it will bring are his too, and in reaching this end there are no loose threads, no apologies, nothing but the fame, be it everlasting or otherwise that comes as a reward for a job well done.

Cheerio, good pictures and a Happy Christmas.

Two New Medals



King George has approved models for the George Cross and the George Medal which will be awarded to civilians for bravery. This is the George Cross. It is of silver with recipient's name on obverse side.



The George Medal, also struck in silver, is 1.43 inches in diameter. On the obverse side is the crowned effigy of the King. Dark blue is the ribbon on the Cross; the Medal's is red with five thin, dark blue vertical stripes.



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The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.

White, Fresh, Radiant, Sun Tan

"WE DON'T know we're alive in this country, do we?" the theatre usher said to me as I came out of "The World in Flames."

What you are likely to feel however after watching this appalling newsreel survey of the past dozen years, is that you have very little right to be alive; or at best that being still alive is a very slight and temporary advantage. It is a little like being still alive in the midst of the violent ward with the inmates in full cry and the attendants armed with nothing but chair-legs.

Nearly all the newsreel shots in this picture are familiar. Over the years the most singular events in history have been wedged in between fashion features and high-lights in the world of sports where their incongruity has robbed them of reality and effect. Hitler on his podium, Mussolini on his balcony, Haile Selassie trying to plead his cause before the League of Nations amid the catcalls of the Italian delegates, burning cities, the faces of women and children refugees in Manchuria and Spain and along the roads of France—all these things existed momentarily and terrifyingly on the screen and then were swiftly lapped over by the colored cartoon and the second feature so that you were able to forget them and ignore their meaning.

You can't ignore their meaning here. For Paramount has collected clippings from old newsreels going back to 1929 and has spliced them together into what can only be described as a scenario of death. "The World in Flames" has the actual shape arrangement and continuity of calculated drama. The various episodes and sequences have been carefully selected to show how inevitably collapse and inertia played into the hands of violence, greed and cunning; but there is an awful order to these events, independent of edit-

PLEA FOR GLORY

GIVE them a flag
A stirring tune.
Their steps may lag
Too soon, too soon.

Give them a cheer
Excitedly.
What can we fear
From pageantry?

Tradition rent
And laid away
Couldn't prevent
This dreadful day.

Mealy-mouths croak,
And prudes won't shout,
Fine, grateful folk
Let Glory out.

Hamilton, Ont. MYNNEL WALLACE.

ing or arrangement. You can actually watch history creating its pattern as these images move across the screen—stock-market hysteria, collapse, bread-lines, strikes, the rise of Hitler, Spain, and then in swift succession Munich, Czechoslovakia and the engulfing of Europe. For the Nineteen-Thirties it was the pattern of doom.

None of this is new. It is the cumulative effect, shock on increasing shock, that is so heartshaking. There is considerable running commentary, but the film doesn't need it. The literal eye-witnessing of the camera tells you all you need to know of a world that for a decade has been in the increasing power of criminal lunacy.

"THE Long Voyage Home" is pictorially one of the loveliest films I have ever seen. It has many other qualities. John Ford's oblique significant direction, the extraordinary freshness and vitality of the Eugene O'Neill characters and dialogue, the intensified acting that comes when talented players find themselves in roles that challenge and excite them. Even so the most memorable thing about "The Long Voyage Home" is its sheer visual beauty, the beauty of the sea, of the shadowed waterfront, of the towering black hulks of freighters moored against the docks, of the extraordinary grouping, always dramatic, vigorous and right, of figures and faces against the sky and sea.

THE FILM PARADE

The Picture of a Black Decade

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

John Ford's narrative method is simplicity itself. He has taken the four Eugene O'Neill plays—"The Moon of the Caribbees," "Bound East for Cardiff," "In the Zone" and "The Long Voyage Home" and strung them end to end. The action is vigorous enough—the tough sailor's party when the bum-boat ladies come aboard, a storm at sea, a fight with

a raiding plane, a shanghaiing and a waterfront brawl—but the picture suffered, I felt, because there is little or no direct line of narrative.

Still it is a beautiful thing to watch. And the acting is magnificent. The whole rowdy simple vio-

lent crew—Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, Barry Fitzgerald, John Qualen—are superbly at home on the S. S. Glencairn. They don't assert themselves above the action, they are part of it just as the action itself is fused with the impersonal elements of ship and sea and sky. Whether or not Director John Ford has made a picture to suit the public

he has obviously made one exactly and triumphantly to suit himself.

IN "They Knew What They Wanted," Toni the Italian grape-grower (Charles Laughton) wanted a wife. Amy (Carole Lombard) wanted a home. The hired man (William Gargan) wanted Amy. Amy also wanted the hired man, and later wanted Toni. They all get what they wanted. The Broadway fable of love and inconstancy in the Napa Valley seems a little remote now, far less important as a problem than it probably was in 1924. Movie audiences are less likely to be shocked by the heroine's infidelity than by her hat and her habit of face-slapping both of which seemed unnecessarily unbecoming.

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Christmas cheer from the British Isles (what a thrill that gives us all)! These wonderful sweaters and cardigans from Pringle of Hawick, Scotland, have just arrived—they're a magnificent tribute to the skill that keeps going on against all odds. Give them to every sweater lover—they'll be counted as precious possessions this Christmas.

A. High-buttoned cardigan to match the Shetland wool pullover sketched in B. Rose, blue, yellow, beige or grey; sizes 34 to 40. \$8

B. Pullover in finest Shetland wool has a fine crew neckline; matches cardigan sketched in A. Rose, blue, yellow, beige or grey. Sizes 34 to 40. \$6

C. Cardigan in the finest botany wool; buttoned up the front with grosgrain covered buttons and bound with grosgrain ribbon; matches pullover sketched in D. Green, pink, grey mix, blue or black; sizes 34 to 40. \$8

D. This botany wool pullover matches the cardigan sketched in C. Fine crew neckline; green, pink, grey mix, blue or black. Sizes 34 to 40. \$6

E. Twin sweater set in Pringle's softest Cashmere. The high-buttoned cardigan has two pockets, the pullover has fine crew neckline. Dusty pink, sage blue, natural or gold; sizes 34 to 40. Cardigan, 12.95; pullover, 10.95

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QUITE a lot is being heard in this country just now about Dr. Kurt Hahn and the County Badge system in education, which is supposed to be largely an outgrowth of his ideas. An immense amount of rather heated discussion is going on among people interested in educational theories and institutions.

The discussion has even got into the House of Commons, where some of the speakers seemed to regard the scheme as an attempt to militarize education—rather in the line of the Hitler Youth Movement. Perhaps it is. At any rate, the military authorities are said to be much in favor of it.

The first I heard of Dr. Hahn was some three or four years ago, when a friend of mine—the husband of "Jan Struther," incidentally—told me that he had taken his boy away from Eton and had sent him to a school run by a Dr. Hahn at Gordonstoun up in Scotland. Not many people, who can get their sons into Eton and afford to keep them there, take them away to send them to some lesser institution—especially to one run by a German. I'm afraid I put it down to a weakness for educational fads.

This Dr. Hahn, however, is apparently a very remarkable man. He is a German, who attended Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. At the end of the

last war Prince Max of Baden commissioned him to start a school in his domain. He even set aside a part of his palace for that purpose. The school was an immense success, and is said to have given Hitler many of the ideas that have been incorporated in the German Youth Movement.

BUT the Nazis didn't like Dr. Hahn personally—he is not entirely Aryan, for one thing. It was probably enough. Anyway, Dr. Hahn had to get out of the country in 1933. He came to England, started his school in Scotland, and has since been naturalized. The school is still flourishing, but in Wales at present, for Gordonstoun is in a Defence Area, and Dr. Hahn had to move again. He must be used to it.

The chief point of the Hahn system is its insistence on physical development, and the development of character through physical activity. Boys

BY P. O'D.

are expected to run 400 yards or so slowly on their toes before breakfast. They skip, climb ropes, jump and throw—he is keen on jumping and throwing, as teaching balance and decision. And, a very important point, they must organize and carry out on their own an expedition of some sort, exploration, mountain-climbing, sailing, bird-watching, something that will take two or three days—and then come back and write about it.

These ideas of his appeal so much to some people in this country, that they want to see them more generally, even universally, applied. Hence the County Badge scheme, in which boys of all classes will engage in these various athletic activities, graded according to age and strength and agility. Those achieving a certain standard of success in them will be given a silver or bronze badge to mark their proficiency—the badge of the county in which the school is situated.

No one questions Dr. Hahn's sincerity or his ability. Only a very remarkable man could achieve the success he has achieved in so short a time, in spite of his nationality. And his system is undoubtedly a good system—for Germans. The only question is whether or not it is a good system for English boys.

This is a very conservative country—nowhere more so than in education—and there is an instinctive dislike of this sort of regimentation. Besides, no one can say that physical training is neglected in English schools—not with all the time that is devoted to games. In fact, this was one of the stock charges against English schools, that the boys were so busy playing cricket and "soccer" and all the rest that they had no time or energy left to devote to their books.

Still, there you are! This is a totalitarian age, it seems. Perhaps we shall one of these days have our Churchill Youth Movement, and detachments of cocky young rogues marching about and clicking their heels and saluting one another. We must learn from our enemy, the reformers assure us. Well, they may be right, but there is also a lot to be said for teaching our enemy. Quite a few of our young men are doing this right now, and doing it in a way that suggests their system of education cannot have been entirely wrong.

NOT long ago a Nazi airman came floating down into a field owned by a farmer friend of mine. The farmer and a couple of his men strolled across to do whatever might be necessary—having first thoughtfully picked up some shotguns. But nothing was necessary. It is amazing what friendly fellows Nazi airmen usually are—on the ground. As soon as this one was able to disentangle himself from his parachute, he got both hands well up, without waiting to be challenged.

"I am a Cherman," he said, "but I feel not hurt you. Would you like a cigar?"

But they told him they thought he had better go on holding his hands high—it might be safer for him. Then they frisked him, and removed among other things an automatic pistol and a pair of field-glasses, both apparently of the first quality.

"I'd have liked to keep those," said my farmer friend rather wistfully, "but I had to hand them over, of course."

So he thought, and so I thought. So, in fact, nearly everyone thinks. But it seems that we have all been mistaken. A Home Guard was had up two or three days ago for stealing a flying helmet and a pistol taken from a German airman he captured stealing, that is, in the sense that all such booty is the property of the Crown and must be turned over to the authorities.

Learned counsel for the defendant insisted—with what looks like irrefragable logic—that what had never belonged to the Crown could not pos-

sibly be stolen from it. In addition, he quoted historic judgments going back to the days of William III, according to which, in the words of the great Justice Blackstone, the subject may "seize to his own use property of the enemy."

"Suppose they capture a tank?" asked the Clerk of the Court, being snooty like most of his kind. "May they keep that, too?"

"Certainly," said counsel, "unless it should come under some special rule about the taking of fortresses."

And so the magistrates decided, dismissing the case. The verdict has caused general satisfaction among members of the Home Guard, who are now looking forward with greatly increased eagerness to the rounding up of German parachutists. The only inconvenience seems to be that from now on most of them will probably be brought in half-naked. But no one is worrying much about that.

IT IS pleasant to reflect that some at least of the residents of London appear to treat the "blitzkrieg" with complete indifference—an indifference beyond philosophy. They have been bombed repeatedly. They have even had a few casualties—mostly of a minor sort—but they do not worry in the very least. They remain in good heart and good appetite. Like the turkey in little Marjorie Fleming's immortal poem, they "do not give a single damn." They are the residents in the Zoo.

If you go up to Regent's Park, as a good many people still do, you will find that it is open as usual—sometimes even a little more open than usual. And you will find the boarders on view and doing their stuff, just as if there were no such thing as a Nazi raider in the world.

Even the dangerous ones are there, the big cats and the polar bears, which one might have expected the Zoo authorities to ship away to some safer or, at any rate, less crowded area. But there they are, and there they seem likely to remain, unless an unlucky hit should open the way to freedom for them. When that happens, I don't want to be around. But perhaps they will be too scared to think of stopping to eat anyone just then.

It has always seemed odd to me that the polar bears should be considered the most dangerous creatures in the whole Zoo, but that is undoubtedly how the keepers regard them. I once watched a couple of them being fed, the great lumps of meat being thrown to them from the little platform high up over their enclosure. They caught it in the air or plunged into the tank after it in the jolliest way imaginable. I remarked to the keeper, as probably every second visitor does, how very

friendly and tame they seemed. He gave me a weary look.

"Oh, yes, guv'nor," he said, "very friendly and tame, in-deed! Oi've been feedin' them and lookin' after them nah for abaht ten years, and they know me so well that if Oi was to go in there alone, they moightn't think of killin' me for nearly a minute."

Naturally precautions are taken, and rifles and scatter-guns are kept handy. But so far none of the tougher inmates has got out, and none has been hurt. A zebra did escape, but was rounded up by no less eminent a person than the head of the Zoo, Mr. Julian Huxley himself. A demoiselle crane also got away into the pleasant freedom of Regent's Park, but decided to come back when it got hungry.

Everything has so far gone very well for all concerned, but nervous residents in those lovely old houses around Regent's Park must sometimes have their anxious moments. It is bad enough to hear the bombs dropping, without having to wonder whether or not a frightened and furious chimpanzee may come climbing in through the window. He might not be in a mood to listen to reason.

CHRISTMAS: 1940

COME to us, Christ, again this year; We would have you bide, Here, in a world of no-more-room, Side by our side.

Here, as of old, when the flames have died May the faint stars shine; In the midst of all this scheming hate, Our love and thine.

Come to us, Christ, again this year, In our world of grey. We are fierce and proud, but we will not turn Such love away.

Though our tears are deep, and our lives are fringed Each day with doom, If you care to come as you came of old, Herein is room.

R. H. GRENVILLE

Victoria, B.C.



A place of rest and peace amid well appointed buildings and lovely grounds, where the family physician can send his cases needing treatment for nervous or mild mental disorders, knowing that they will receive understanding care from a competent medical and nursing staff.

Rates moderate

Address Harvey Clare, M.D., Medical Superintendent Homewood Sanitarium, Guelph, Ont.

at **EATON'S**



In your own busy plans for a happy Christmas don't forget a helping hand to those less fortunate. . . .

SAMPLE HAMPERS

recommended by Neighbourhood Workers

HAMPER No. 9—\$5.25

- 1 peck Potatoes
- 2 tins Peas
- 1 tin Tomatoes, No. 2, tin
- 2 tins Peaches, No. 2 sqt. tin
- 1 doz. Oranges
- 1 pkg. Apples
- 1 lb. Coffee
- 1 jar Jam with pectin 32 oz.
- 1 lb. Christmas Pudding
- 1 lb. Seedless raisins
- 1 lb. Dates
- 1 lb. Candy
- 2 lb. Granulated Sugar
- 1 lb. Mixed Nuts
- 1 lb. Sliced Bacon
- 1 lb. Creamery Butter
- 1 Roasting Chicken, approx. 5 lb.

HAMPER No. 10—\$6.25

- 1 peck Potatoes
- 2 tins Peas
- 2 tins Tomatoes, No. 2, tin
- 2 tins Peaches, No. 2 sqt. tin
- 1 doz. Oranges
- 1 pkg. apples
- 1 lb. Coffee
- 1 jar Jam with pectin 32 oz.
- 1 lb. Christmas Pudding
- 1 lb. Seedless Raisins
- 1 lb. Dates
- 1 lb. Candy
- 2 lb. Granulated Sugar
- 1 lb. Mixed Nuts
- 1 lb. Sliced Bacon
- 1 lb. Creamery Butter
- 1 lb. Roasting Beef

NAMES OF NEEDY FAMILIES INVESTIGATED AND VOUCHERED FOR MAY BE SECURED FROM THE

NEIGHBOURHOOD WORKERS—KI. 3126

GROCERY DEPARTMENT 5TH FLOOR TR. 3311

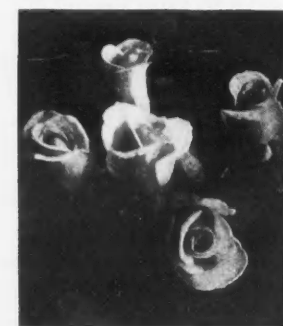
THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Christmas GIFT BOXES & FOOD

IN spite of increased employment and less people on relief, the Neighbourhood Workers have asked us to give publicity to the fact that there are still hundreds of families in Toronto who face a cheerless, meagre Christmas, through no fault of their own. In your own family plans for a happy joy-laden Christmas, stop a minute . . . wouldn't your Christmas be more complete if in those plans, you included a helping hand to a family less fortunate.

Eaton's, long famous in the efficient handling of Christmas hampers, are particularly well equipped to handle individual or large club, lodge or church orders. Attractively packed in new cartons, enclosure cards supplied, and a city wide and suburban delivery service will take care of all bothersome details. Just phone TR. 3311.

Say "Merry Christmas" with **DALE Autographed ROSES**



They cost no more at

SIMMONS

We also feature DALE Orchids and Carnations Efficient City-Wide Delivery

DIAL ELGIN 9286-9287-9288

SIMMONS and SON LIMITED

350 YONGE STREET AT ELM

Ernest S. Simmons — President and Managing Director

CONCERNING FOOD

One Of A Kind

BY JANET MARCH

SOMETIMES the trappings of Christmas seem a little cumbersome. Is pressing through the seething crowd worth while when you are only trying to match the shade of Aunt Jane's green plush evening dress with a hand bag? Honest to goodness, with the women of England climbing into slacks every night so that if a bomb drops near them they are dressed to rush out, is there any point in dressing up Aunt Jane? She always was too fat for green plush but my heavens! think of her in slacks! Maybe we had better stick to our plush for as long as possible.

This seems to be the general

theory about this Christmas. Carry on as before particularly when there are children, and once you've started carrying on it becomes entrancing as always. We look for the holly with the most berries and the thickest Christmas tree, and the largest balls to hang on its branches. Christmas acts as an anaesthetic once well under and you forget everything else. "Have you ordered a dinner for that poor family?" "Are the electric lights mended for the tree?" "Have you bought the stamps for the cards?" And when you are shopping—"Yes, wonderful people the Greeks. Have you *no* Chanel Number 5 left?"



New refinement of line is evident in warm, honey-colored maple furniture such as the bedroom group above. Beds are severely plain with a curved outline that is pleasing to the eyes. Chest and tables are decorated only with the functional and easy-to-manage drawer pulls.



For Christmas wassail—something new in highball glasses. These are from the Georg Jensen Shop of New York, and the set of eight comes complete with a chromium finished tray with ebonized wood trim. Glasses shape to fit hand. Seven Seas Gift Shop, T. Eaton Company.



A Della Robbia wreath bids the Christmas visitor welcome at the door.

"Yes send me three boxes of crackers double filled and they must be Smith's English ones. I won't have any others. Isn't it grand London hasn't been bombed for twenty-four hours? Imagine them making all these crackers when there is so much happening over there." Well, well, here's to Christmas 1940. May there never be another one like it.

If you have read and enjoyed Jan Struther's "Mrs. Miniver" do you remember that they always had a "June dinner" on Boxing Day? This horrified their Scotch cook who sent up the clear soup, the fish mayonnaise and the summer pudding made with bottled fruit, with an air of suffering condescension. In spite of her feelings, and as she does on every worth while page of the book, Mrs. Miniver showed sense. From a sea of turkey, plum pudding and mince pies and Christmas cake we hail you, Mrs. Miniver, and may we imitate you with a few lightish dinner menus to be thrown in round the Christmas season.

Cream of Scallop Soup

Chicken Soufflé
Green Peas Potato Chips
Green Salad
Rum Cream
Coffee

Scallop Soup

Add a cupful of scallops finely cut up to a pint of milk. Season well with salt, pepper, a clove, a piece of a bay leaf and 1 tablespoon of minced onion. Let this simmer for twenty minutes. Melt two table-spoons of butter and stir in two of flour, and add the soup straining it as you add it. Stir until the mixture thickens, and serve. If you like pieces of things in your soup don't strain it, but take it as it comes.

Chicken Soufflé

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir in one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour and add a pint of milk. Stir until it has thickened, and then add half a cup of soft breadcrumbs and let this simmer for a few minutes. Chop up finely two cupfuls of chicken meat, season the meat well and add a little chopped parsley, and stir this into the milk mixture. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add them. Beat the whites till they are very stiff and cut them in. Pour the mixture into a greased baking dish and bake in a quick oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Rum Cream

2 cups of cream
1 glassful of rum
1 cup of sugar (fruit)
1 tablespoonful of gelatine
Grated rind of a lemon
The yolks of six eggs

Beat the eggs with three quarters of the cream, and melt the gelatine in the rest of it, then mix together. Add the sugar and grated rind and stir over the fire till it thickens, and at the last add the rum. Put in a wet mould and let it set.

Orange Consommé

Sole with Rice
Broccoli Tomato Salad
Almond Jumblies
Coffee

Almond Jumblies

1 pound of almonds
1 1/2 cups of flour
6 tablespoonfuls of butter
1/2 of a cup of fine sugar
The grated rind and juice of two oranges
Whipped cream

Blanch the almonds and shred them very finely, or put them through a nut mill. Cream the sugar and butter, add the orange juice and rind, sift in the flour and add the almonds. Put spoonfuls of the mixture on a greased baking tin, bake in a slow oven, cool and spread with whipped cream before serving.

Sole With Rice

2 pounds of filleted sole
1 small can of lobster
4 tablespoonfuls of butter
1 glassful of white wine
1 cup of rice

Cook the rice first and dry it well in the oven and put it to keep warm. Cut up the lobster meat and heat it with the butter and wine, and then mix with the rice. Take the fillets of sole and season them and brown on a well greased broiling pan. Put

the fish in the middle of the platter and surround it with the rice and lobster. Serve with Bechamel sauce.

Orange Consommé

Take a quart of clear consommé and add to it a green pepper cut up and with all the seeds taken out, and five tomatoes skinned and diced and four oranges cut up with the skin left on. Let this simmer for an hour in a covered pan and then strain and serve.

These Are The Beans Your Husband Means!

When He Hankers For Real Old-Fashioned Beans,
Give Your Husband The Kind Heinz Makes;
They're Oven-Baked To Perfection—Easy To Digest!



BRING on a sizzling-hot crock of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans—and any man's a boy again! He has a boy's hunger for this most satisfying of meals—baked beans—the homemade kind! For Heinz Beans are as delicious—as packed with energy—as the kind grandmother used to make!

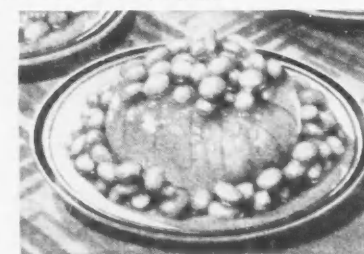
That's because Heinz uses a home-spun recipe—oven-bakes choicest beans—and sauces 'em four tantalizing ways. Keep an assortment handy—for speedy, thrifty meals!

Heinz OVEN BAKED Beans

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
Toronto, Canada; Melbourne, Australia; London, England.



BEAN-AND-CHEESE RAREBIT—Take a medium-size (16 oz.) tin of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans (Boston style)—drenched in a delectably rich and spicy molasses sauce and generously flavoured with succulent young pork. Combine the beans with 1 cup (1/4 lb.) sharp cheese, shredded, and 1/2 green pepper, sliced. Pour into the casserole and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes.



BERMUDA ONIONS—Cook 4 large Bermuda onions in salted water 45 minutes. Cut thin slice from bottom—1/4 inch slice from top. Make cross-cuts in top about 1/2 inch deep and 1/4 inch apart. Mix 1/2 cup butter, melted, and 1/4 cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup—pouring 2 tbs. over each onion. Top with hot Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in tomato sauce with tender pork.

Mad and Sane Gift-Giving

CHRISTMAS has become the year's leading nuisance simply because people fail to tackle it with the needed bravado. Official displays of stage-managed emotion are horrible, at any rate to men—that is why they shrink from marriage, or believe they do; what they really abhor is the wedding. Still, even in these days of progress, few marry once a year, and most weddings you may avoid by a little forethought. Etiquette, no doubt, insists that if you are the bride's father you should (as the secretaries of societies put it) make a real effort to be present; but the supply of daughters gives out sooner or later. Christmas, however, as the bitter proverb puts it, does come once a year; and the orchestration of jollity has now attained such a tempo that even the iron calm of government departments may be heard cracking. The agonized appeals of postmasters cause some to receive their pictures of snow-covered village churches as early as the fifteenth, whereas others are greeted by two robins on a bough long after they supposed wassail over at last.

If you imagine me entered on a cold-blooded tirade of cynicism, you err: I propose, indeed, to show you how you can turn Christmas into a happy period. The true artist transforms his liabilities into assets: Whistler's nocturnes owe their peculiar charm to his short sight; and what glorious effects Dickens gained from his dreary childhood! So invest even the strain of Christmas shopping with beauty, tender or wild as suits your mood. I don't mean mere catering; that is easy, if you throw away those shopping-lists that in the end omit the suet. Calculate how much you mean to spend;

BY GILBERT NORWOOD

then on December 11 grasp the sum firmly in the right hand, enter a large store and say to the manager: "Kindly send me so many dollars-worth of what you see fit to call Yuletide Fare: here is the money." Then you can walk out, free for the real tussle—personal gifts. Use this part of the business to alleviate the toil of glee-fabrication; be bloody, bold and resolute; make Christmas presents a source of pleasure. Not so easy! The whole world is against you. How? And why?

AT THE summit of the Karakoram Pass, in a lone wind-beaten hut, dwells a Sage with bulging forehead whose task is to invent Things That Will Do For Presents. The wild tribesmen of the Pamirs call him by a name that means "Stableman Of The Gift-Horses"; and there runs a legend that anyone who looks his grim steeds in the mouth will shrivel in the frozen tempests of Eblis. That belief has spread over Christendom also; and when they neigh at the door on a birthday or at a wedding-reception or (most hateful of all) on Christmas morning, the Faithful avert their gaze and in firm tones repeat this formula to baffle the evil eye: "Oh, lovely! It is too kind of you! What is it for?"

As everyone knows, the finest specimen of his art hurled upon mankind by the Sage (whom the Eskimos call by a name that may be translated "Little Father Of Harassed Wives") was the Smoker's Cabinet. Throughout our glorious and otherwise adventurous history no smoker has been known to buy one. But many smokers possess them. Why? Female relatives at their wits' end,

seeing them, gasp with relief: "Your father is a smoker...the Very Thing!" Later, it is placed on top of his desk, and "looks well." What lurks inside the drawers no one has ever divulged—probably needles and buttons.

NEXT in order of richness comes the Fancy Tea-Cosy, which flourishes at bazaars, embellished with a picture painted on satin. This again is never used, at least to keep tea hot; but it gives a touch of pomp to Napoleon when you play charades. A favorite material for other gifts is leather. Embossed leather has beauty, but no researcher has yet found a genuine use for it; so you fasten two slabs together and it becomes "A blotter from Aunt Hannah! Isn't she clever?" Fragments of the stuff are placed as an un-called-for disguise upon match-boxes, novels from the circulating-library, even (God bless us!) railway-guides—anything rather than hand you the equivalent in cash. Then wood!... that merchandise which they quite openly call poker-work. If you are really loved, you find you slippers lurking shamefacedly in a casket covered with toasted dragons surrounding very arty letters that spell FOOTE GEARE. Even your stamps live in a box with a boy fishing on the lid ("Drop Me A Line"). Look into any Crafte Shoppe and you will find these coffers in their first state—decent white wood, but with a pencilled design. Then some female sublimates her passions by purchasing one, making a bradawl red-hot and gouging along the black line amid stench and fume. If your means forbid a poker-work box, you can always do a motto—a wooden oblong with some encouraging remark



This young lady carries on with Christmas knitting in a bomb shelter. Because she has a cold, she wears a gauze mask to check its spread.

traced thereon, apparently by the finger of Satan.

Another mount from the same stable is the Revolving Bookcase: utterly useless, except to the children when your back is turned, yet looking very practical and always in the way. An ideal Gift for Ye Booke-Worme. Nor must I forget Hookahs. Long ago a well-meaning friend sent me one from India, with yards of tubing, silver rose-water bowl and a species of urn to hold tobacco. But I had no gigantic Nubian to keep the thing alight with charcoal; and, not feeling justified in dedicating my best years to it, I at length took it to pieces, washed out the revolting evidence of my attempts to smoke, and sent the bowl to a bazaar, where it earned two guineas as Oriental Flower-Vase.

SO MUCH for the Gift-Horses bred by the Karakoram Sage, at this time of the year labelled "Seasonable Gifts." Rule I for those who aim at a happy Christmas: don't buy them. Kick over the traces and create pleasure instead of baffled anguish. Fling convention to the four winds of Heaven. Here are a few further injunctions:

Rule II. Abandon your belief that Tom will like it so much better if you make it yourself. If it must be socks...but why? See Rule III... nothing is gained by jauntily spelling it "sox"...still, if socks it is to be, reflect that they are no sentimental affair. He doesn't love them or even like them; he wears them; and since he dares not tell you, I (a mere wandering Voice, like Wordsworth's cuckoo) tell you openly that those in the store are better. Even husbands have feelings.

Rule III. Avoid all "useful" presents. No doubt you are already on your guard against mere insults. I have actually seen in advertisements "Give her a refrigerator for Christmas" or rather, "Xmas"; these barbarians don't even trouble to print the Name correctly; and (wildest of all) "Give him a book of street-car tickets for Xmas." But you may be ensnared by subtler devices, such as fountain-pens or dressing-bags. No! They provoke wistful arithmetic: "I've seventeen lampshades already, and for the same money he could have got me ten or eleven pounds of chocolates."

Rule IV. Never give what the victim ought to want, or what you pretend to think you ought to want him to want. "Masterpieces of Art" (with Watts' *Hope* stuck on the cover) will never be looked at after

the first day; if she actually begs for it, then give it her by all means and enjoy a furtive malicious pleasure. Those encyclopaedias that are always cropping up, with diagrams of internal combustion-engines, should under no provocation be given.

Rule V. final and priceless. Give them what they really wish to receive. If you avoid the advertisements, you will easily discover this: meeting a hundred joyful surprises. Children of four want empty cans with jagged edges, father's old letters, and jam: all three items together. They have no natural greed for Willie Rabbit or The Three Wee Tomtits, especially when printed (oh, infamous!) on untearable linen. How do I know? By seeing what they select when they have a free hand. Your husband in his heart of hearts would like just a single dollar cigar, which he will never buy for himself. His young son would love to smash a large window without having to run away afterwards: the cost is less than that of a good model aeroplane, and he will remember your wise kindness all his life. "Mother Knew!" Or again: your wife long passionately *not* to give that children's party so much sheer profit—but to see you at last put the too shed in order.



Animals suffer in bombings and many of them are without homes. Rev. J. H. Sykes has built a pen shelter for cats, keeps them until they are picked up by the Dumb Friends' League.



NEW YEAR'S EVE at the KING EDWARD

The King Edward promises to be the gayest and cheeriest centre for Toronto's smart set on this gala night.

Dancing in three ballrooms (the Crystal, Oak and Alexandra rooms) to Canada's finest dance music by orchestras from the Romanelli studios will make for continuous and hilarious entertainment. Plenty of noisemakers, hats, balloons, etc., for color and gayety. And of course King Edward food that, as always, will be in keeping with the occasion.

In line with the conservation of expenditures during war time, certain features of entertainment will be eliminated, and this saving is being passed on to our guests.

TICKETS \$8.00
PER COUPLE

Make Christmas merry at the KING EDWARD!

SHOPPERS LUNCHEON
Tuesday, December 24—A delightful lunch in the Oak or Victoria Room is a refreshing rest in the midst of the hustle and bustle of the day before Christmas. Carols by the Choir.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS
AT NOON Wednesday, Dec. 25 (Christmas Day)—We are serving a special Family Dinner from 12 to 2 P.M. at \$1.75 per person. Dishes by the Victoria Room's mixed quartette will make this a memorable occasion.

EVENING—From 6 P.M. the old-fashioned Christmas Dinner, for which the King Edward has been famous for years, will be served at \$2.50 per person. The Christmas Eve Dinner, the Victoria Room's Christmas Concert Orchestra will provide the entertainment. Diners have the privilege of dancing after dinner to Luigi Romanelli's Orchestra at no further cost.

A FAMILY TREAT

If you're dining at home on Christmas, why not step out on Sunday, Dec. 29? The family will enjoy the change and servants a day off. Special dinner, at night and noon. Music and vocal entertainment.



King Edward Hotel

P. KIRBY HUNT, General Manager

CLUB BOOKINGS

For any Club wishing to make a group reservation for New Year's Eve, the Alexandra Room (accommodating 150 couples) is available. The Manager will be glad to discuss details.

"THE BACK PAGE"

Store Santa Claus

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

WHEN Santa Claus on top of his float came opposite Tinka the whole procession stopped dead still, and Santa Claus, rising and spreading his arms, bowed straight at Tinka.

From that moment there was no shaking Tinka's belief in Santa Claus. It was a belief founded on faith, sight and a practical acquisitive sense. "I'm going to ask him for a little automobile you get into with a horn," Tinka said on the way home.

Tinka's mother looked doubtful. "Well I don't know, darling. They're pretty expensive."

"But Santa Claus doesn't have to buy them," Tinka explained. "He just has them and then he brings them on Christmas."

Tinka's mother considered. There was no use explaining to Tinka that Santa Claus was just a very beautiful idea, because that was in a sense, Tinka's own point of view. Only there was no reconciling the ideas of an adult and a six-year-old; they had just about the same relationship, thought Tinka's mother, falling back on a favorite simile as an elephant and a window frame. The grown-up idea was clear, abstract and rational. The six-year-old's was large, solid and fantastic. Tinka's mother decided to let the whole question rest till after the visit to Toyland.

THE afternoon they went to Toyland they had to wait almost fifteen minutes in the Santa Claus line-up. But at last it was Tinka's turn. "Haha-ha," said Santa Claus. "What's your name, dear?" "Tinka," said Tinka. She allowed herself to be pulled up on his knee, and stared up without either curiosity or shyness into the big face that was colored a bright magenta with paint and heat. "I want a little motor-car you can get into with a horn," she said.

"Haha-ha, a motor-car you can get into, eh?" Santa Claus said, and expertly sliding her from his knee held out a hand to the next little girl in line. Tinka walked down the ramp holding her mother's hand. She was supremely satisfied but not otherwise impressed. When faith rests on that level nothing can be added to it and nothing can be taken away.

AFTER that they went through forests of Christmas trees, and endless aisles of toys that clicked and cried and crawled and flipped over. Organ carols burst out at them in sudden blasts from grilled openings in the wall, as though the Christmas Spirit, somewhere far below, were stoking like mad and driving the pressure higher and higher. Tinka pressed on, her eyes getting wider and her face smaller and sharper with excitement. But the sight of a second Santa Claus in a second store didn't even make her blink. Santa Claus was everywhere, immanent and transcendent, making toys perform, organs throb, and Christmas trees burn with colored lights. It was only natural to find him co-existing between the dolls and the games and puzzles.

THE second Santa Claus looked exactly like the first one. But when he saw Tinka he said, "Haha-ha, but you've grown."

Tinka climbed briskly on his knee. "I want a little automobile you can get into with a horn," she said.

Santa Claus scratched with a forefinger among his whiskers. "That sounds pretty expensive," he said.

"Very," said Tinka's mother.

Santa Claus considered. He looked very sympathetic and helpful; at most, thought Tinka's mother, as though he were going to suggest the store's budget plan for long-term purchase. Instead he said unexpectedly, "How about an s. c. doubleton, h. e. r?"

Tinka's mother giggled, feeling a little light-headed. "Oh, s. c. doubleton," she said, "I think that would be wonderful."

Santa Claus turned back to Tinka. "I don't think so much of that little

motor-car idea," he said. "I know something that doesn't cost so much and goes twice as fast."

"What is it?" Tinka asked. Santa Claus shook his head. "Secret." "Does it really go twice as fast?" Tinka asked. "It goes like the wind," Santa Claus said.

Tinka considered. Then "I guess I'll take that then," she said.

"I'M GOING to leave a note for you of advice for you on the mantle shelf on Christmas eve," Tinka's mother told Santa Claus.

Santa Claus looked down the long expectant line of little boys and girls. Then he said, "We made drops

pine from the merry, jolly, old Christmas to the practical sense of everyday. I could use the right now."

For a moment Tinka's mother had the darling idea of inviting Santa Claus out for a cup of coffee. She could see the traces of them herself and Tinka with Santa Claus between seated in a row on the arched steps, and this good friend Santa Claus leaning over a cigarette. They'd never allowed of course she thought, regretfully, not with these whiskers and the steady, incessant regulations.

Santa Claus and Tinka on the steps

"Well, goodbye dear," he said, resuming his slow twinkle "and a very merry Christmas."

"Goodbye," Tinka said and walked thoughtfully down the ramp. She was about a foot from the float when she said, "I'm not going to get one of those little automobiles I'm going to get something that goes twice as fast and goes twice as far."

Then Tinka's mother said, "What's your name?" She looked back at Santa Claus and he had taken a long swallow on his knee and was about to answer. "Tinka," she said, "I'm going to get one of those little automobiles I'm going to get something that goes twice as fast and goes twice as far."

from **EATON'S**

Jewels -
the most precious gift of all

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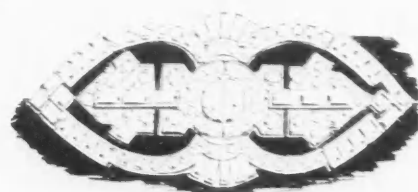
A. Amethyst with 12 diamonds in 14K white gold and platinum. \$250.



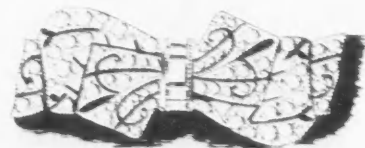
B. Matched Burma sapphires and diamonds in platinum. \$250.



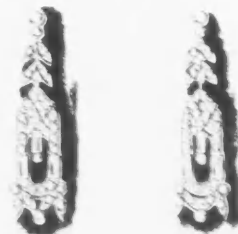
C. Brilliant-cut round diamonds in platinum with London-cut emerald. \$250.



D. Half-moon baguette and round diamonds in platinum. \$250.



E. Square, round and triangular diamonds in platinum. \$250.



F. Slender baguette and round diamonds in hand-made 18K white gold. Pair \$250.



Defective Principle of the Excess Profits Tax

BY WILLIAM WESTON



One night in the third week in November, Nazi bombers appeared over Coventry, a Midlands city, and dropped over 500 tons of high explosive, 30 tons of incendiary bombs. A street scene in Coventry next morning.



Lady Godiva once rode naked through the streets of Coventry to protest against high taxes. Today this city of 200,000 is known as Britain's Detroit. These people are picking their way through debris to work.



This is the gutted ruin of Coventry's famous cathedral. In the all night bombing, more than 1,000 persons were killed. The method used at Coventry is known as area bombing, was used in Rotterdam, Holland.

REVISION of the excess profits tax, which is under consideration at the present time, must aim at either one of two objectives: The first, viewing the total taxation of business as too high, is to reduce it by easing the excess profits levy. The second, believing that we cannot afford to lighten taxation, is to shift the incidence of the present burden.

In this article we work from the latter basis. The relative levels of taxation and borrowing are another matter. There is plenty of reason for assuming that taxation must be kept up to all that the traffic will bear, and that over and above this yield, the lending capacity of the nation will be strained to the limit. But if we are to achieve a maximum of war effort, it is necessary that both taxation and borrowing be effected with a minimum of friction, and with no impairment of productive effort. The excess profits tax in its present form is an objectionable feature of our economic structure.

The chief criticisms, to be discussed in some detail, are as follows:

1. The excess profits tax is inconsistent with the basic economic policy of the government, which is to avoid competitive buying, shortages, price inflation, and all the other factors which would produce anything

Why an excess profits tax when the whole public policy in the present war is to prevent excess profits? In the absence of a real base, the tax becomes just another levy, with all the difficulties of arriving at a fair standard or average.

So, if politics prevents the excess profits tax from being dropped, it might at least be made innocuous by virtual amalgamation with the normal profits tax, and averaging up of the latter.

that could legitimately be called excess profits.

2. The adoption of 1935-39, or any other years, as a base period, introduces a wholly arbitrary standard for purposes of assessment.

3. The high excess profits tax rate, in conjunction with the regular corporations tax, and with provincial levies, brings rates on some corporations to excessive levels in comparison with those on corporations which escape the excess profits levy.

The Basic Objection

While the second and third may attract the most criticism from the companies concerned, the first is the basic and comprehensive objection.

In a sense the excess profits tax is a relic of the last war. The economic and financial policies at that time were admittedly inflationary. Big volume at rising prices magnified profits in nearly every line.

These were real excess profits created by public expenditure on the war, and reasonably recoverable by the government which gave rise to them.

The financial approach to the present war program has, on the other hand, been non-inflationary. The governments of Canada and of every other belligerent have set out to keep prices down and to buy economically. They will use controls and pre-emptions wherever competitive forces go into play. Consequently there is no sound base for an excess profits levy. In other words, there are no profits which can legitimately be called excess profits.

It is true that volume has been stimulated in many lines. That is not a dependable feature of the war program, however. The official intention is to divert an important part of our production from consumer lines to war goods. This means a shift, but not necessarily an enduring gain, in industrial earnings. Under an excess profits tax, the gain

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

We Need Compulsory Saving

BY P. M. RICHARDS

HOW, really, is Canada doing with her war effort?

Warm tributes to Canada have lately appeared in the *London Times* and the *New York Times*. Canadians have been told by their own leaders at Ottawa that Canada is doing excellently, that the war program is well ahead of schedule. However, Canadian complacency was jarred last week when one of those leaders, H. R. MacMillan, chairman of the Wartime Requirements Board, told the Canadian Club of Toronto that "on a per capita comparison with Great Britain's war effort, Canada could put 550,000 men in uniform, 1,400,000 men in munition plants and spend \$12,000,000 a day."

We all know that we are very far short of these figures. Perhaps, in the circumstances, it is hardly to be expected that we would match the extremity of endeavor being put forth by Britain, which has her enemy's hand right at her throat, but we all know that we could do more than we are doing. Despite all that has been accomplished, we all know that we still have unused or only partially used productive facilities, and untapped resources in man- and woman-power and tax-paying power. Obviously, as a loyal 100-per-cent partner of Britain, we have no right to have any unemployed resources that are urgently needed for the immediate sustenance of Britain.

The fact that we have unemployed resources would seem to be mainly Ottawa's fault. The government has been over-cautious in imposing the taxes and controls that an all-out war effort calls for. It has striven to be moderate and avoid over-loading the public at any stage because it wanted to carry public opinion along with it. What it has not realized is that public opinion is already way ahead of it. For instance, the recent "baby budget" was accepted without any of the murmurs that the government apparently looked for.

Able and Willing

The truth seems to be that the people of Canada are able and willing to accept greater sacrifices than have yet been imposed. Though taxes have risen, public purchasing power, in the aggregate, has risen far more, and probably many a citizen feels a little ashamed when he sees the money being spent on Christmas celebrations this year—money which might have aided our struggling kinsfolk across the Atlantic.

Canada has got to step up her war effort because she will soon have to carry a considerable part of the war burden now being carried by Britain. One after another, Britain's great industrial centres are being blitzkrieged as Coventry was, and the loss of production involved is becoming serious. The United States is away behind on her plane-making and other schedules. Britain's fighting forces are doing remarkably well in all three spheres, sea, land and air, but they must be kept supplied. Planes and ships are urgently needed. If Canada does not give all she's got now, it may not be a matter of winning the war in 1942 or 1943 but of losing it in 1941. If heavier taxes or restrictions on purchasing will help to win the war, let us have them. Canada can take whatever has to be taken.

Curb Purchasing Power

Actually it might be a lifesaver for us economically if the government should step up taxes or put through an enforced savings scheme. If some sort of curb is not applied to this new and rapidly growing public purchasing power, now so much in evidence in the stores, we are going to have trouble. The reason is that with the diversion of productive capacity to munitions and the restrictions on imports, the volume of purchasing power may soon be greater than the supply of commodities, and that means inflation. Would-be buyers would, in effect, be bidding against each other for the goods available, and thus forcing up prices. With the enormous base for inflation created over the past decade, we could have very serious trouble.

There are two ways to prevent inflation. One is to maintain a supply of commodities sufficient to absorb the increased purchasing power; the other is to bring purchasing power down into line with the supply of commodities. If the government believes that a sufficient production of munitions and a sufficient production of consumer goods cannot be maintained at one and the same time, its logical course is to reduce purchasing power. It can do this by increasing taxes and or by forcing purchasing power into war bonds and savings certificates. The latter has the triple merit of providing the government with funds for war needs, safeguarding us against inflation and building up the people's savings against a day of greater need.

This column believes that the government should introduce a compulsory savings scheme at once.





A downtown street in Coventry after the bombing. For hours after the raid the city was a seething mass of flames and the following morning smoldering rubble marked whole areas of workers' homes and factories.

ers would pay while the losers would be out of luck.

Consideration must also be given to the substantial number of concerns which are equipped for abnormal kinds of work, and whose only chance to make money comes in abnormal times. Shipbuilding is an example. For something like fifty years, since the large steel ship replaced the wooden schooner, shipbuilding has been an exotic industry in Canada, called upon for service only when the British and other low-cost yards were overloaded. It had a boom in the last war, and now it has again responded to the call. But how can the yards and docks be maintained, and the necessary skill and labor be kept on tap, if there is employment for only two or three years in a generation, and if the earnings from that employment are kept down to what is earned in lines which have regular employment?

The skilled worker may manage not too badly. He can switch to employment which is similar to, though perhaps not as good as, his chosen occupation. But a shipyard cannot be turned into a shoe factory, nor a dry dock into a power house. They are like the railway equipment, the building, and several other "cyclical" industries. They have to earn enough in the good years to provide

all maintenance and depreciation, and a return on the investment as well. If this is not done, there will be no facilities available when the next need arises.

When we come to objection number two, the selection of certain years as a base period for purposes of assessment, we see that this is merely the specific application of the general problem which has been outlined above. If a concern has had no business since the last war, any profit it may make now is "excess" profit. If its business is of a fairly stable nature, it may still have been experiencing either a temporary depression or a temporary prosperity in whatever base period is selected. The concerns which show very slight fluctuations from year to year are very few.

Abnormally Low

1935 to 1939 is not particularly objectionable as a base period. It at least was much better than the previous four years. Yet, according to the long term charts, it was below normal. This means that the great majority of concerns are faced, right at the start, with an abnormally low return as the standard over and above which profits are to be specially taxed, so that they may have difficulty in reaching even a normal profit.

In respect to the third criticism, it should be remembered that while the regular rate of the Dominion corporation tax is 18 per cent, it is required that the combined minimum for this and the excess profits tax be not less than 30 per cent, which means in effect that all concerns, whether subject to excess profits or not, pay at least 30 per cent of their profits. Those which have excess profits pay 18 per cent on the total and a further 75 per cent on the excess, which means the minimum of 30 per cent, and conceivably, in the case of a concern which had no profits in the base period, as high as 83 per cent in the total. Further, there are certain provincial levies which raise the maximum still higher, to as much as 90 per cent.

Now if there were a genuine case for excess profits taxation, then there might be justification for the spread between 30 per cent and 83 per cent. Thus a street railway or gas company might not be affected by the war, and would pay the 30 per cent, while a neighboring machine shop might enjoy unprecedented business at fabulous prices, so that it could pay 83 per cent and still have a large return for itself.

But price stability and close buying give birth to no fabulous profits. The utility is being allowed to retain 70 per cent of its profits, while the machine shop, which may have been a white elephant during all the years of depression, may now be earning 25 per cent on the capital investment, but have, if the maximum rate is applied, less than five per cent return after taxes. Under those circumstances, it will not be able to survive another depression, nor to serve in another emergency.



A London Tower Beefeater dons a tin hat with his traditional uniform.

Boards of appeal for consideration of special cases such as this, can provide relief only by contravening the terms of the law. Their very existence is an acknowledgement of its inequity. The sub-standard cases which must go to them for relief are entirely at their mercy. The procedure is not that of a regular court of law, but rather that of the suppliant for dispensation.

The ends of both justice and public revenue would be served if we had, in place of the excess profits tax, a higher normal rate on profits. It might be 40 per cent, perhaps even

50 per cent. After all, if profits are to be heavily appropriated for public purposes, why shouldn't they be all treated on the same basis?

Patience Unrewarded

Why should investors in a stable concern such as Montreal Power retain most of the profits, while those in an unstable concern such as Canadian Vickers be deprived of nearly all that they have so patiently waited for? And is it not too much like dictatorship to place in the hands of one or more boards or commissions,

the fate of all those enterprises which, in this rather speculative and variable country, happened to make little or no money in the years 1935 to 1938 inclusive?

It may be that the excess profits tax, having been revived at the start of this war partly to deter public criticism, will have to be retained for the same reason. If that is so, its application might be eased by a virtual amalgamation with the regular profits tax. For if we are to do a good job in war finance and production, we can not afford to hitch our wagon to a mere political indulgence.



British Columbia

(FINANCIAL POSITION AS REVEALED BY EXCERPTS FROM
BUDGET ADDRESS DELIVERED NOVEMBER 15, 1940)

A Balanced Budget For 1940-41 After Making Full Provision For All Unemployment Relief Costs and Sinking Fund Requirements

Revenue anticipated on the basis of actual accruals to the Treasury		\$35,000,000.00
Ordinary expenditure		28,996,000.00
Surplus over ordinary expenditure		\$ 6,004,000.00
Unemployment Relief	\$2,800,000.00	
Debt redemption provisions	3,204,000.00	\$ 6,004,000.00

A Reduction of \$753,169.24 in the Net Debt of the Province

Gross debt as at October 1, 1940	\$189,154,740.90
Sinking funds as at October 1, 1940	37,846,566.13
Net debt as at October 1, 1940	\$151,308,174.77
A decrease in the net debt since October 1, 1939, of	\$ 753,169.24

Provincial Debt Maturities Amounting to \$25,064,636 Which Fall Due During 1941 Will Be Repaid Without Recourse to the Open Market

B.C. Stocks and bonds maturing in 1941	\$24,536,936.00
Serial debt instalments falling due	527,700.00
Total maturities during 1941	\$25,064,636.00
Sinking Funds specifically established for these maturities	\$20,704,116.83
Payments from current revenue 1940-41	3,204,000.00
Payments from current revenue, Sinking fund earnings, etc., 1941-42	1,156,519.17
	\$25,064,636.00

A Saving of \$1,200,000 Annually in Debt Charges by the End of 1941

Basic and Manufacturing Production Increased Greatly

	1938	1940 (Est.)
Agriculture	\$ 47,782,000.00	\$ 57,500,000.00
Forestry	67,122,000.00	97,500,000.00
Mining	64,486,000.00	72,000,000.00
Fisheries	18,726,000.00	18,700,000.00
	\$198,116,000.00	\$245,700,000.00
Manufacturing	\$ 91,000,000.00	\$130,000,000.00

British Columbia's Financial Position, Therefore, is One That Portrays Sound Economic Policy and Prosperity in Industrial Endeavour; Conditions That Are of Material Assistance in the Nation's War Effort

JOHN HART,
Minister of Finance.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

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99.00 and accrued interest to yield about 4.125%

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

WINNIPEG ELECTRIC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate your advice in reference to the contingent certificates of Winnipeg Electric. I am interested in appreciation only and not in income. Is the company likely to have increased sources of revenue to offset extra costs during war years? I understand that at the present time they have a more or less fixed bid out for these and have gradually picked up a considerable quantity. If you have any information available as to how many of these have been purchased, I would appreciate it. What is the total of these outstanding as at the end of the last fiscal period?

N. P. K., Waterloo, Que.

The contingent certificates of Winnipeg Electric have little attraction at the present time. These certificates were issued at the rate of \$70 for each \$1,000 of general mortgage bonds and debenture stocks which were issued to holders of

bonds under the 1935 consolidation and readjustment plan. Certificates are non-interest-bearing and are payable in whole or in part if and when the company shall determine, but in any event before any dividends are paid or distribution of profits is made to the shareholders, provided that in the winding up or dissolution of the company, no amount shall be paid thereon. The certificates are only a contingent liability and are not carried on the balance sheet. At the end of 1939, \$1,725,968 worth was outstanding; to that date, \$195,266 of the certificates had been re-acquired.

I think that rising costs, plus the difficulty of raising rates, will narrow Winnipeg Electric's profit margins. I understand that the company has already instituted proceedings to have its taxes reduced and this action, if successful, should help to some extent in lightening its burdens. However, I doubt if any really effective saving can be made this way. In short, I think there are more attractive ways of investing your money.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The cyclical or major direction of New York stock prices was last confirmed as downward. The short-term movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

STOCK PRICES UP IN 1941?

Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, in his forecast for 1941, takes the position that American stock prices, in the face of better business next year, will rise because they are now abnormally low in relationship to the earnings of corporations, and secondly, because yields from stock dividends are high as compared with those available through bond interest. Both of these relationships, incidentally, are disclosed in the chart accompanying this Forecast.

Note, for illustration, in the top half of the chart, the present variation between the Dow-Jones industrial stock average and the index of stock-values, which index may be regarded as a rough criterion of corporate earnings. This disparity may be accounted for by the uncertainties of a war period.

With the stock value line probably due to rise somewhat next year, however, stocks could likewise advance without disturbing the present war-time disparity between the two curves.

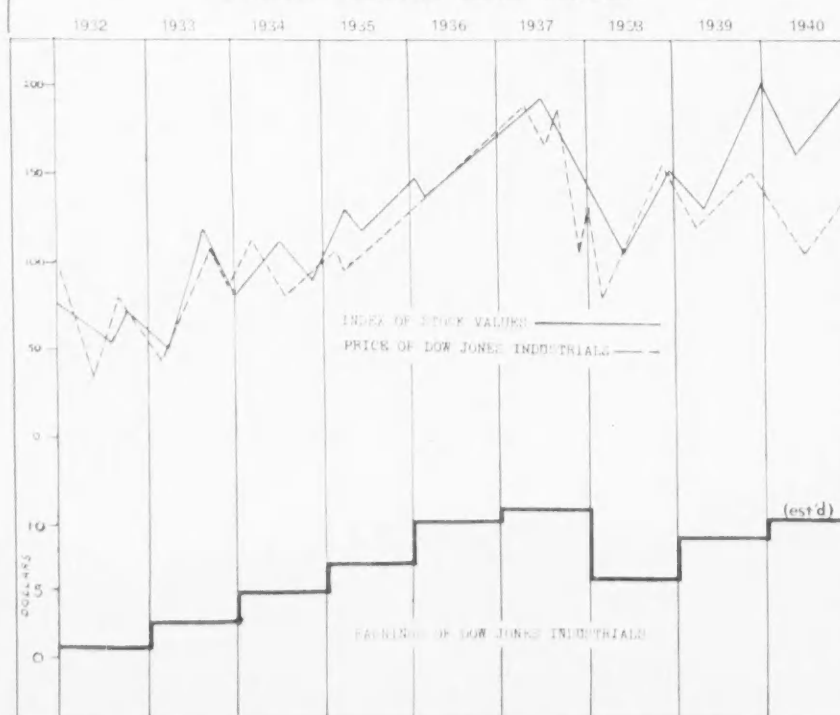
PATTERN OF THE MARKET

From a shorter-term, or month-to-month, viewpoint, the stock market enjoyed, between June and November, a substantial rebound from its panic break of late spring. Correction to this advance has been under way for some weeks, the normal minimum and maximum limits to such a testing movement being 128-121 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 27-25 on the rail average. An extreme, or abnormal, correction would carry one or both averages back to the May/June lows for a double bottom. So far, only the rail list has carried to within the minimum correction limits given above.

Generally such a corrective downturn takes on a zigzag pattern. In the current instance only one downward swing has been registered, suggesting that a rally of moderate proportions should be staged before a terminating decline is witnessed. In this connection precedent calls for price strength from Christmas week into January.

In any event, the New York stock market is yet to be regarded as in the line formation that started in early September and until it moves out of these limits its action will not be decisive, from the intermediate, or month-to-month approach. Upside penetration of the line would be disclosed by closes at or above Industrials 139.13 and Rails 31.30, respectively; downside penetration, by closes at Industrials 126.73 and Rails 26.61.

STOCK VALUES AND PRICES



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QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of \$1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after 2nd January 1941, to Shareholders of record at the books of the Company at the close of business on 14th instant.

By order of the Board
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

5th December, 1940

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1 1/4% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable January 2nd, 1941, to shareholders of record as at close of business December 15th, 1940 in Canadian Funds.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

GOLD & DROSS

SANTA FE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Having been a constant reader of your interesting paper for a number of years, I would like you to comment upon the prospects for Santa Fe Gold Mines, and the board of directors.

—N. N., Auburn, Ont.

Santa Fe Gold Mines is still idle due to inability to raise finances for the new program of exploration and development which has been proposed for some time. The property has been opened by two shafts, one to 200 and the other to 800 feet, and a small mill operated at one time.

The mine is still in the prospect stage and, I understand, with working capital available, the intention is to diamond drill to test the extensions of known veins, following which the two shafts would be connected. Further work appears justified and in the opinion of the engineer the developed and probable ore

is sufficiently high grade to make a profit with a 50-ton mill, but additional development would warrant a larger tonnage. S. R. Snook is president and F. M. Little, secretary-treasurer, both of Toronto.

UPPER CANADA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am thinking of buying some shares in Upper Canada Mines and would like to have your opinion of the company and of the stock.

T. W., Ottawa, Ont.

As pointed out in these columns on November 30, the prospects for Upper Canada Mines, in my opinion, are exceptionally bright. Earnings which are now running at the rate of 24 cents a share annually should be considerably higher when the mill is boosted from 200 to 450 tons a day next year.

By the end of 1940, development of two new levels at 875 and 1,000 feet should be well advanced and as results on the 625- and 750-foot horizons were the best in the mine, ore reserves should show a substantial increase. Production is exceeding \$100,000 a month with over half of this net profit.

Dividends are still on an interim basis, but with the excellent profit-margin, it is reasonable to anticipate establishment of a higher quarterly payment than three cents, once the mill is operating at the proposed higher rate.

DAVIES PETROLEUMS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What is your opinion of Davies Petroleum as a buy right now? I'm interested first in security of investment and then in appreciation. Any information will be much appreciated.

S. H. W., Saskatoon, Sask.

If you are interested in "security of investment," I wouldn't say that the stock of Davies Petroleum was a good buy for you. You must realize that because Davies Petroleum is engaged in a natural industry, its

Western Canada Flour Mills Make New Appointments



J. J. Page,
Appointed vice-president, formerly general manager.



D. I. WALKER,
Becomes general manager, was formerly assistant general manager.



A. R. MacKENZIE, C.A.,
Who has been made assistant general manager and continues as comptroller.

Changes Announced at Recent Board Meeting

Important changes in the executive direction of Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited, were announced at a recent meeting of the board of directors.

G. R. Cottrell, who has been acting president of the company for the past year, was elected president. R. H. B. Ker was re-elected a vice-president, and J. J. Page, formerly general manager, was made a vice-president.

D. I. Walker, formerly assistant general manager, was appointed general manager, and A. R. MacKenzie was made assistant general manager and will also continue as comptroller.

J. J. Page, the new vice-president, joined the company at its Goderich office in 1904. He has spent his entire business career with the company in various capacities, and has served for the past fifteen years as general manager. Mr. Page has travelled extensively in the interests of the company, and has gained a wide first hand knowledge of the export markets through which the company's products are marketed throughout the world.

D. I. Walker, the new general manager, has been with the company for over thirty years, and is

well known in the milling and allied businesses throughout Canada and the United States. Mr. Walker joined the traffic department of the company at Winnipeg in 1910, serving successively as traffic manager, local manager at Toronto, Eastern manager, and for the past year as assistant general manager.

A. R. MacKenzie, who has been comptroller of the company for the past three years, was formerly comptroller of the Union Gas Company, Chatham, and brings to his new position a wide experience in Canadian industrial and financial affairs.

Latest reports are that the company is devoting the proceeds from its No. 2 well to pay off a bank debt of \$15,363; this debt is expected to be liquidated early in 1941. Recently 800 acres were acquired in the Willow Creek structure.

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J. C. MILLER, K.C.
ARTHUR SULLIVAN, K.C., Wpg.
JOSEPH TRIMBLE
M. G. TIDSBURY, President
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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 216

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1941 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Saturday, 1st February next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st December, 1940. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,

A. E. ARSCOTT,
General Manager

Toronto, 13th December, 1940

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today, a final dividend of two per cent, on the Preference Stock in respect of the year 1940, was declared, payable on February 1, 1941, to shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on January 1, 1941.

By order of the Board,

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, December 9, 1940.



SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT?

SENATOR-ROUYN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would appreciate a brief report on the progress being made by Senator-Rouyn Mines. When will its own mill be ready?

L. S. H., Ottawa, Ont.

stock is essentially speculative. This rating does not apply to Davies Petroleum alone of the Turner Valley companies, but to the great majority of them, and particularly to those which are still in the early stages of development.

Davies Petroleum, Limited, holds approximately 2,780 acres in Turner Valley divided as follows: 220 acres in South Turner Valley; 720 acres in the Highwood River area; 1,660 acres in North Turner Valley; 80 acres on the extreme west flank of Turner Valley; 40 acres on the Watson structure; and 40 acres on the High River-Aldersyde structure.

In the year ended January 31, 1940, net loss was \$725.75, against a net profit of \$26,099 in 1939 and \$11,590 in 1938. At the end of the latest fiscal year, current liabilities were \$55,095, against current assets of only \$22,088.96.

While Senator-Rouyn expects to have its own 300-ton mill in operation about May 1, 1941, production commenced the middle of last month through use of the leased plant of Arntfield Gold Mines. Income in excess of \$200,000 is anticipated under this arrangement by the time the new mill is ready and this amount, in addition to that recently realized from the sale of company notes, will likely be sufficient to pay for the mill, and extend exploration and development to three new levels at depth.

About 200,000 tons of ore average

Year End Valuations

We will be glad to give you quotations on individual securities as well as on your entire investment list.

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Offices at Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London,
Correspondents in New York and London, England.

ing over \$10 per ton at present gold value, has been indicated in development work on the 375- and 500-foot levels, which estimate is confined to a vertical section between depths of 125 and 550 feet, and having a length of 500 feet. Persistence of the ore zone to a new level at 875 feet has been confirmed.

LAPA CADILLAC

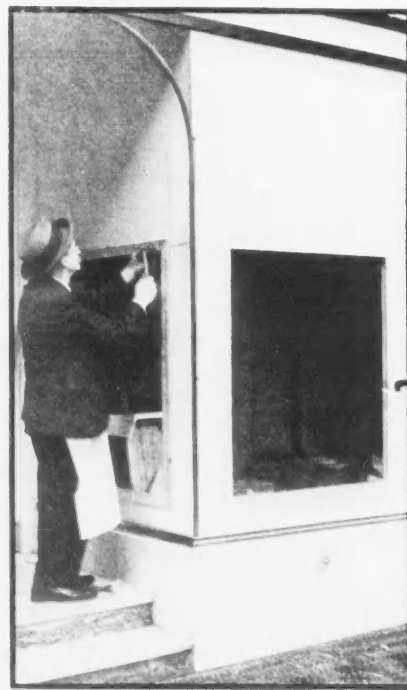
Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly advise me if Lapa Cadillac Gold Mines would be a good investment. Also if it is on a good financial basis and what work has been done on the property.

N. K., Quebec, Que.

No, Lapa Cadillac Gold Mines can not be regarded as a good investment! A small operating profit is being made and there is a gradual improvement in the company's financial position, with the old debts now under \$30,000. Ore reserves are sufficient for a year's operation.

While diamond drilling below the fifth, or lowest level, shows the main vein only continues a short distance, some of the orebodies continue downward. Encouragement, however, has been met with in drilling a wide shear zone several hundred feet north of the underground workings.



A London shopkeeper boards up his bombed window, leaving only a "peep hole" for display of his goods.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Safe Driving Requires Brain Sight Plus Eye Sight

FROM the standpoint of dollars and cents, the traffic accident problem is of more than academic interest to both the buyer and seller of automobile insurance. Any serious increase in the number and severity of motor accidents must inevitably result in an increase in automobile insurance rates, while the higher the cost of insurance the fewer are the purchasers of it.

BY GEORGE GILBERT

It is generally agreed in official circles everywhere that the main cause of the great majority of motor accidents is the failure of the human factor. A recent analysis of the causes of road accidents carried out by the British Ministry of Transport showed that during a twelve-month period 91.2 per cent of all fatal and

\$9.7 per cent of all non-fatal accidents had for their principal cause the breakdown of the human factor.

Those who have had experience in investigating traffic accidents are of opinion that there are certain drivers who are constitutionally unfit to drive motor cars, although their unfitness is not disclosed by ordinary driving tests but only when they are faced with some critical situation, in which case they fail to show ordinary driving ability, with the result that an accident occurs. This failure is variously attributed to a certain vagueness, slowness in decision, nervousness, deficiency in road sense and judgment, but not necessarily to recklessness, or to bad road manners or to active fault.

A select committee of the British House of Lords recently brought in a report on the Prevention of Road Accidents, in which it was recommended that if a motor car driver is found to be accident prone, through defects either of capacity or temperament, in the interests of the community he should be disqualified from driving. The hope was also expressed that the insurance companies would assist in carrying out this recommendation by refusing to insure drivers who are found to be accident prone.

Safety Research

It was further recommended that persons who tried to evade this by going to another company, without disclosing their previous insurances or declarations, should be dealt with severely, as otherwise bad drivers might start afresh with a clean record each time they take out a new policy. It was also suggested that a Road Safety Research Board might find much scope for psychological research in the detection of undesirable drivers who ought to be eliminated from the roads.

With regard to insurance, the Committee expressed the opinion that where an insured person is convicted of the grave offence of manslaughter or of a serious offence under the Road Traffic Act in connection with a mechanically propelled vehicle, he should be disqualified from receiving benefit under any insurance policy held by him in respect of any injury sustained by him or by the vehicle driven by him, assuming it to be his property.

But the insurance company, it was maintained, should not be relieved of any liability in respect to third-party claims under the policy, including claims by the owner of the vehicle which the convicted person was driving. The Committee pointed out that the principle underlying this recommendation was that whilst no financial recompense should accrue to any convicted person as a result of his crime, all other persons who have suffered financially or physically by reason of the accident should be repaid the damage which they have suffered. It is believed by the Committee that the adoption of this recommendation would bring about lower insurance rates.

Human Element

It is freely admitted by government officials in charge of the administration of our highway traffic laws that where the human element is involved there is no such thing as absolute control. It is found that no amount of education and control will make every individual act according to any set pattern. While there may be control applied to the right to obtain an owner's or driver's license, the right to retain a license after it has been issued, and control of the driver on the highway, it is recognized that no amount of applied control can entirely compensate for a lack of self-control.

In Ontario the law requires that every driver be licensed, and before a license is issued the applicant must meet certain tests and satisfy the

Scientists have charted the muscular reactions, and have learned how long it takes to convey a message from the eye to the brain and to get action from the muscles. Some time ago the American Optometric Association carried out an intensive study with tests to ascertain the accuracy of vision of motor drivers. As a result, it appeared that many auto accidents were not the fault of the machine or even of the operator's inability to manipulate properly the brakes, clutch and other devices, but are due to defective brain sight.

It was found that some drivers have what is known as "barrel sight," which makes it impossible to see an approaching object unless it comes immediately in front of them. Side sight is cut off. Normal eyesight, which has a range of about 180 degrees, is required to provide the brain sight necessary for safe driving. Of course, we really see with our brains and not with our eyes, the eyes merely acting as a camera to form the image. Most drivers have all the brain nerves necessary to see, but in some cases their camera adjustment, their eyes, fail to form the image, and they simply do not get the picture of a car or a pedestrian coming in from the side.

authorities that he is capable of driving a motor vehicle safely. It is the belief of the officials that it is impossible, with the means applicable to an area the size of Ontario, to devise a system of testing that will show what kind of driver an applicant will turn out to be. The most that can be learnt from present tests is whether the applicant can operate a vehicle safely. As to whether he will or not, will depend, it is admitted, upon the degree of self-control and common sense he displays.

After the driver has obtained a license, the Ontario authorities keep a record of his actions. The law requires the driver to report every serious accident in which he is involved and the courts in which convictions are registered are also required to report all breaches of the Highway Traffic Act or of other laws relating to the operation of motor vehicles. Police departments have likewise been requested to report all warnings to motorists for minor infractions, and the public generally has been asked to report all dangerous actions which may be observed.

Drivers' Records

From information received in this way, the drivers' records in the office of the Ontario Registrar of Motor Vehicles are compiled. A docket is opened for each driver when the first report against him is received, and these remain on file permanently, each new report being added to the record. According to a recent statement by the Ontario Registrar, there are now files for about 300,000 of the more than 900,000 drivers licensed.

When the driver has a record of being involved in more than one accident, he is viewed with suspicion, and the usual course is to require a re-examination as to driving ability and a vision test. Other records, showing involvement in perhaps one or more accidents and also a conviction or a number of convictions for offences of varying seriousness, or perhaps those showing no accidents but a number of serious convictions, justify punishment. In such cases the driving license is suspended for a period of time, sometimes until proof of financial responsibility is furnished.

In Ontario the power of the Minister of Highways to revoke the license of a driver for any reason deemed sufficient is a potent instrument for driver control.

Under the financial responsibility provisions of the law in Ontario, the license of a driver is automatically suspended when he is convicted of any serious driving offence, and stands suspended for a period of at least three years, unless he furnishes proof of his financial responsibility and satisfies any judgment against him for damages occasioned by a motor vehicle.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I have a \$4,000 life insurance policy paid up, a \$5,000 policy endowment at sixty (10 payments paid), a \$10,000 pension policy at sixty (6 payments paid) all with the Mutual Life of Canada. I also have a \$5,000 20 pay life which will be paid for in three years and a \$2,000 policy which will be paid for in four years.

I am 36 years of age and have a wife and three children dependents. I do not know from year to year

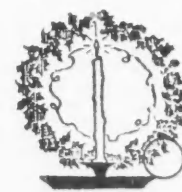
what my income will be but have always managed to pay my premiums and have a sum each year to invest.

Along with my insurance would a Government Annuity be a good buy with my extra cash?

L. M. R., Aldershot, Ont.

You are to be congratulated upon the amount and type of life insurance you hold and upon the extent to which it is already paid for. You have now a sizeable life insurance estate, with a steadily growing asset value, which will provide a reasonable amount of family protection as long as such protection is needed and also a sure income in later life. I would advise keeping these policies free of encumbrance, if possible, so as to derive the full benefit of the protection now and in the future.

If you took out a deferred annuity with the Dominion Government on the 10-year guaranteed plan, you would be securing the highest degree of security, along with a satisfactory return on your money. Should you die before the date fixed for the commencement of the annuity, the



SEASON'S GREETINGS

With sincere appreciation of the many opportunities afforded us during the past year to serve the public of Canada, we extend to our many friends best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Prosperity in the New Year.

Mill Owners Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Iowa

Canadian Head Office—Hamilton, Ont.

I. E. Sams, Manager for Canada.

To the Executives
Who Give the
GREEN LIGHT
on
Space Buying

Don't Overlook This No. 1 Market!

Consider these four important facts when making up your 1941 advertising list:

FACT NO. 1. 35% of the population of Eastern Canada live on farms.

FACT NO. 2. Outside of the Metropolitan areas, 40% of the retail purchases in food products come from the farming areas.

FACT NO. 3. Because of the rapid increase in the electrification of farm homes and buildings, the Farm Market of Ontario provides the greatest opportunity for increased sales of electrical appliances and equipment. (Estimates as of October 31, 1940, show 65,000 farm homes are supplied with electric current).

FACT NO. 4. According to population the percentage of automobiles owned by farmers in Ontario is higher than in urban centres. Therefore this market is of major importance to advertisers of motor cars, motor fuels, lubricants and automobile accessories.

Farmer's Magazine circulation — the largest of any strictly farm publication in Eastern Canada — is concentrated among farm homes with steady buying power, making it the FIRST advertising medium for any worthwhile product or service.

FARMER'S MAGAZINE

A Consolidated Press Publication 71 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Canada

Devoted to the interests of Agriculture in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. The only Farm Publication in Eastern Canada offering advertisers a complete Color Service.

The WAWANESA

Mutual Insurance Company

Assets Exceed \$2,600,000.00

Surplus 1,330,363.89

Dominion Govt. Deposit exceeds 1,000,000.00

Wawanesa ranks 1st against all Companies operating in Canada on Net Fire Premiums Written according to Dominion figures for 1939.

Head Office: Wawanesa, Man. Eastern Office: Toronto, Ont.

Branches at Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Montreal and Montreal. —2,000 Agents Across Canada—

D STANDS FOR DISABILITY

Every month in the year we are paying liberal cash benefits to men and women who are disabled and cannot work because of illness or accident. Our most popular contracts give this "pay-check protection" from One Day to a Lifetime.

Adelaide 3166

MUTUAL BENEFIT
HEALTH AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA
TORONTO
34 KING ST. EAST

amount paid in, with four per cent compound interest, would be returned to your heirs. Should you die before you had received the annuity for ten years, the remainder of the payments would go to your heirs.

Editor, About Insurance:

Our firm is thinking of taking out \$10,000 insurance on my life partly as an investment but mostly as a safeguard in case I should die. What type of policy would you recommend? Is there a great deal of difference in the cost between the different companies? I slightly favor the Montreal Life.

—S. C. F., Moncton, N.B.

If protection is the main object in taking out the insurance, I would recommend a whole life policy. If you took it on the non-participating plan, there would be very little or no difference in the cost between one company and another, but there would be a material difference in the case of a participating policy over a period of fifteen or twenty years.

If the building of an investment or sinking fund is one of the requirements in addition to protection against death, a fifteen or twenty year endowment policy would admirably answer the purpose, depending upon whether it was desired to accumulate the designated amount in fifteen or twenty years.

The Montreal Life Insurance Company has been in business since 1910. At the end of 1939 its total admitted assets were \$7,872,512, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to \$7,561,113, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of \$311,399. As the paid up capital amounted to \$250,000, there was thus a net surplus of \$61,399 over capital, policy re-

serves, special reserves and all liabilities. Its total income in 1939 was \$1,814,456, and its total disbursements \$1,280,467, showing an excess of income over disbursements of \$533,989.

Accordingly, the company is in a sound financial position and safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable. I would advise taking a policy on the non-participating plan.

Editor, About Insurance:

An Officer of the Canadian Permanent Force wishes to add additional insurance to his life before going overseas. As a member of one of the Permanent Units he qualifies for Civil Service Insurance. There is a question in his mind as to whether Civil Service Insurance is being issued to members of the Active Force giving coverage on service, and, if so, is this coverage less costly than that offered by Insurance Companies.

—G. J., London, Ont.

According to my information, additional Civil Service Insurance is available to those eligible and who are going overseas, provided the total insurance does not exceed the limit prescribed by the Civil Service Insurance Act. Such additional insurance will be subject to a War Clause and an extra premium for war risk, the same as policies issued by the life insurance companies. Civil Service Insurance has no cash surrender or loan values, unless the insured leaves the service, when a cash value or a paid-up policy may be obtained if desired. The rates for Civil Service Insurance are slightly lower than the rates of insurance companies, but the absence of cash or loan values makes the insurance less attractive in many cases.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE United States is believed to be in line for a further large increase in the limit of its debt. About the only thing left in question is the extent of the increase and whether such will be authorized in one vast jump or through a series of increases. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau referred some time ago to the possible need for raising the limit from \$45,000,000,000 to \$60,000,000,000 or \$65,000,000,000. More recently there are suggestions that a limit of \$75,000,000,000 to \$85,000,000,000 might have to be anticipated. Those who are anxious to prevent unbridled inflation are advocating a limit of increase to not more than \$5,000,000,000 at a time.

Already the flow of money through the hands of labor as well as industry in general, is creating an unprecedented movement in business. Late December, 1940, finds general spending at a new high level in the history of America.

Control of price levels throughout the United States as well as Canada has been maintained to a remarkable degree. However, close observers are waiting with some misgivings as to the methods of bookkeeping to be employed as a means of finding these added billions at such short notice.

Gold miners profess to see the necessity for a further increase in the price of gold. With more than \$22,000,000,000 in gold already held by the United States, any substantial upward revision in the price of this metal would open the gate to added billions with the mere signing of a bill of authority. Even now it is to be remembered that Congress has given the President authority to raise the price of gold from \$35 to \$41.34 an ounce, or nearly twenty per cent. Through the exercise of this authority alone, upwards of \$4,000,000,000 would be immediately secured.

Canadian gold mines are producing more than 5,000,000 ounces of gold annually. To raise the price of the metal by \$6.34 an ounce would be to increase the value of Canada's gold output by over \$30,000,000 a year.

Northern Empire Mines produced \$54,606 in gold from 4,776 tons of ore during November. This maintained the recent average but is 45 per cent lower than the rate established a year ago.

Hoyle Gold Mines will complete mill construction by the end of January. The plant is designed to handle 14,000 tons of ore per month. Some sections of the equipment are designed for handling over 20,000 tons monthly, thereby setting the stage for such an increase at short notice should the necessity arise. Output of \$70,000 a month is indicated at the outset with prospects of profits being around \$20,000. The enterprise is controlled by Ventures, Ltd., and Sudbury Basin Mines.

Hard Rock Gold Mines is milling 340 tons of ore daily and producing approximately \$100,000 a month. Plans have been made to increase the mill capacity before the middle of 1941 so as to treat possibly 450 tons of ore per day.

Kerr-Addison is rushing mill construction and by late in January the capacity will be increased to 1,800 tons per day as compared with 1,200 tons daily at present. Whereas development heretofore has reached a limited depth of 1,450 feet, a decision was recently made to plan for sinking operations to a depth of 3,150 feet. At such time as the enlargement of the mill comes into full play early in 1941, output of Kerr-Addison is expected to reach \$400,000 in gold per month.

Senator Rouyn Mines produced \$110,411 during October from 12,775 tons of ore, or an average recovery of \$8.64 per ton. This was accomplished in the leased Arntfield mill. Meantime the Senator Rouyn is making good headway in construction of a mill of its own.

Silbak Premier Mines, subsidiary of Premier Gold Mining Company, produced \$150,687 from 14,344 tons of ore during November. Production for the first eleven months of this year was \$1,360,380. Estimated profit for the eleven months was \$450,018, as compared with \$641,141 in the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Borrowing... THAT HELPS MANY

Everyday citizens in all walks of life—wage-earners, professional and business men and women—are borrowing from this bank for personal needs.

They are repaying these loans in twelve monthly instalments and the "hire" for the money is only \$3.65 for each \$100 borrowed. There is no other charge.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

"A bank where small accounts are welcome"

Our 'MUTUAL' Plan Reduces FIRE INSURANCE Costs

LAST year this company's policyholders received \$1,531,487 in savings under the Northwestern Mutual plan. Careful selection and inspection of risks, co-operation in fire prevention and efficient management combine to reduce overhead costs to a minimum. You, too, should be participating in these benefits.

HOW THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL PLAN OPERATES.	
PREMIUM	
NET COST	SAVINGS
(Above charts are approximate. Consult your nearest agent or branch office for rates and current savings)	

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION

Assets: \$8,970,000

Canadian Head Office: Vancouver

"FIVE FEATURE" ACCIDENT AND HEALTH POLICIES

1. Non Cancellable;
2. Guaranteed Renewable;
3. No Increase in Premium at any time;
4. No Rider or Restriction after Issuance;
5. Non-Proratable for Change of Occupation.

ALSO: Hospital and Surgical Reimbursement Included.

OUR COMPLETE LINE includes: All Forms of Life Insurance.

OVER \$2.00 IN ASSETS * * * FOR EACH \$1.00 OF LIABILITIES

LOYAL PROTECTIVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

371 Bay Street,
Toronto, Ont.

WILLIAM SKELTON,
Provincial Manager.

Established 1809

CANADA'S OLDEST INSURANCE COMPANY

THE HALIFAX INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Capital—\$2,000,000.00

HEAD OFFICE

HALIFAX, N.S.

Supervisory Office — 8 King St. W. — Toronto

THE Casualty Company of Canada HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES

IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, President

A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

Fire Insurance and Allied Lines

AGENCY INQUIRIES INVITED

NATIONAL RETAILERS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Vance C. Smith, Chief Agent

Concourse Building, Toronto

THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD



Robert Lynch Stirling, Mgr. for Canada
TORONTO

EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company
TORONTO



ABSOLUTE SECURITY
W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER



For FAIR ADJUSTMENTS and PROMPT SETTLEMENTS in

FIRE INSURANCE

THE CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
WINNIPEG-TORONTO-CALGARY-VANCOUVER

DEAR MR. EDITOR

(Continued from Page 2)

said about the great gifts, artistic and useful, that many Europeans who seek shelter in Canada are longing to use in the service of our country. Fear and suspicion so often prevent our making use of these gifts. How wonderful it would be if, as a Christmas gift to all who have come to Canada as a place of refuge, we let them feel that we are trying to "understand."

Too often we say, "Why don't they become good Canadians?" "Off with the old love, and on with the new" kind of thing. Love of country is a very deep passion, not easily transferred, so we should perhaps go farther in our "understanding" and be glad, if when something like sanity returns to the world, these people, helped and encouraged by Canadians can go back to the lands they love, just as we love ours, and help build something really fine and decent.

ELIZABETH WRONG.

Toronto, Ont.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MAY I express my appreciation of an article in your December 7 issue called "A Plea for Understanding" by Laura Beata? The *Globe and Mail* of the same date contained an item stating that at a meeting of the York Township Council it was claimed that "Some families in York Township are faced with starvation and unheated homes because of the Ontario Government edict that enemy aliens who were not naturalized before 1922 were to be cut from the relief rolls." Is it conceivable that Canada should reward treason by food and shelter in an internment camp, while loyalty is rewarded by starvation?

Toronto, Ont.

LESTER McBRIDE.

The Internment Procedure

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

HEAVEN defend us from unreasonable "patriots" like Mr. Angus A. Elderkin ("Dear Mr. Editor," Dec. 7). His sincerity is unquestionable and his concern for the Empire admirable. But it is unfortunate that in his violent reaction to persons whom he believes to be communists, he should choose the sound and fury of a Hitler to support a gross injustice unworthy of a Canadian Government. Instead of stating a case, Mr. Elderkin merely paraded his emotions (and they are not nice!). Instead of arguments, he poured out interperate abuse. Mr. A. Elderkin may well consider how much he sounded like Mr. A. Hitler.

The fact is that it is possible in Canada today for a perfectly innocent man to be interned without any opportunity of defending himself. It is possible that Mr. Angus A. Elderkin, at the mere whim of the Minister of Justice, might be arrested tomorrow, jailed indefinitely, and allowed no communication with the outside world. His one and only court of appeal would be to a one-man committee, appointed ironically enough by the very man that ordered his arrest, and whose verdict furthermore, I believe, the Minister is not bound to accept. It is possible (indeed, probable!) that the only grounds given for his arrest would be that "representations had been made that he was a fascist," without a definition of fascism, or definite accusations of any kind whatever. All these things are possible. They should not be possible in Canada. And yet there seems to be no safeguard against them. I smile when I think how Mr. Elderkin would fume, with his characteristic richness of expression, if such measures were turned in his own direction.

As I read Mr. Cohen's article, it was against the existence of this possibility that the presentation was directed. He did not claim that the three interned men were innocent. He only wanted them to have a fair

trial, according to British (and not Nazi) justice, in order to see whether they actually were or were not guilty. So far they do not seem to have been given a fair trial. So far not Justice, but only the Minister of Justice, has declared them guilty.

It is obvious that certain liberties must necessarily be given up in wartime. But any curtailment of liberties

beyond the necessary should be resisted mightily by all responsible citizens. It is necessary, for safety's sake, to intern some persons at once on mere suspicion. But it is not necessary to refuse them the right to a fair trial at the earliest possible moment thereafter, and to free them if innocent. It is a direct invitation to dictatorship to condone such a refusal, and a temptation to use such powers for partisan interests. Let Mr. Elderkin read the last paragraph of Mr. Cohen's article again, and change his tune.

Ottawa, Ont.

T. C. DALY.

Motorist's Grievance

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I VIGOROUSLY reject the idea expressed in your editorial "Our Winter Problem," that motorists should be fined \$25 when their cars become stalled on street railway tracks.

In the first place the motorist pays the Dominion government a good fat tax to own a car. Then he pays another tax to the province to operate the car, as well as a permit fee to drive it. And more than this, he has paid and is paying eight cents a

gallon gas tax with the expectation that road maintenance will be provided summer and winter.

The taxes which he pays are diverted to other purposes, and it is largely due to his own spinelessness that he finds himself in his present predicament. In the United States he is now moving to assert himself, and six or seven states have been compelled to pass laws by which the taxes which motorists pay are segregated and applied to their proper purposes, namely the building and maintenance of roads.

Toronto, Ont.

E. L. P.



For Distinguished Service

THE BADGE YOU SEE HERE is a coveted emblem—a symbol of 20 years of loyal and efficient service to Metropolitan's policyholders, and to the communities in which they live.

Today, more than 1,500 active Metropolitan Life Insurance Company field-men are proud possessors of this badge.

Over 7,000 members of the field organization have been in the business from 5 to 10 years; more than 3,800 enjoy 10 to 15 years of experience; and over 1,800 from 15 to 20 years. Fewer than one out of every eight field-men have served Metropolitan policyholders less than two years.

These years of continued service have an important bearing on the quality of advice and help which policyholders receive from Metropolitan representatives in Canada and the United States.

All field-men receive preliminary life insurance instruction before they begin their work of serving policyholders. Thousands of field-men regularly receive further instruction in the many courses conducted by the Company throughout the country.

During 1939, some 567 managers and assistant managers attended special courses; another 1,198 assistant managers received training in the field from the Company's full-time staff of 94 field training instructors. Also, 739 agents, assistant managers, and managers were studying for their "Chartered Life Underwriter" degree. This is awarded only to those who complete specified studies in the

application of life insurance to individual needs and in such technical phases of life insurance as its relationship to problems of taxation and inheritance. Additional thousands of field-men received instruction in other educational projects maintained by the Company—all with a view to assuring policyholders the utmost benefit from their life insurance.

Thus does the Metropolitan agent, with the cooperation of the Company, strive constantly to increase his knowledge and to keep abreast of the times.

The services the agent renders are many and varied. Helping the policyholder select the kind of insurance best suited to his needs and delivering the policy are only the beginning of a long series of services.

Many policyholders pay their premiums weekly, or monthly, and the field-man collects them.

When necessary, agents adjust insurance plans to new personal or family situations. Policies are checked to make sure that desired beneficiaries are properly named. Dividends are paid or credited.

When the death of a policyholder occurs, the agent often helps to prepare the claim papers and to get the cheque promptly to the beneficiary. Death claims were paid on an average of over 7,000 policies per week in 1939.

In addition, every week in 1939, more than 75,000 so-called transfers took place—occasioned by change of address or similar causes.

In nearly every case some agent served the policyholder. In almost 7,600 communities where Metropolitan nursing service is available to Industrial policyholders, it is usually the agent who brings word of the policyholder's need for it.

If you need assistance with any problems connected with your life insurance, call in your Metropolitan agent. He will gladly consult with you, and help prepare and file necessary papers. There is no reason for paying anyone to perform these, or similar, services. As a Metropolitan policyholder, you are entitled to the free advice of your agent.

This is Number 32 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker
CHAIRMAN
OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA